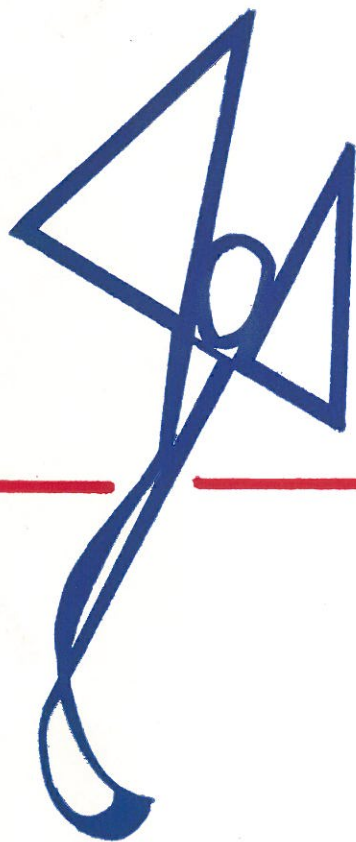
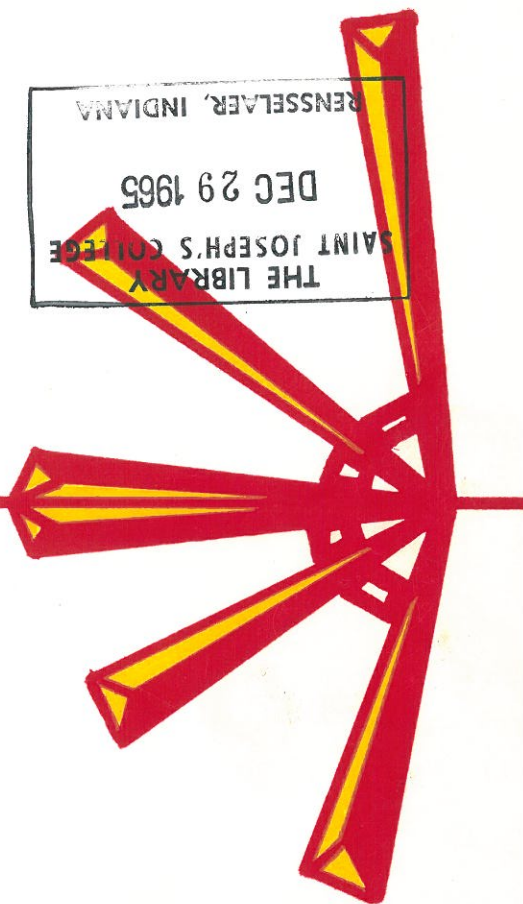


Vol 25
#1+2

MEASURE



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SAINT JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

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st. joseph's college
rensselaer, indiana

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BRAIN STORM

"It is true, therefore, that Relativity, like the Quantum Theory, draws man's intellect still farther away from the Newtonian universe, firmly rooted in space and time and functioning like some great, unerring, and manageable machine." Dr. Ernest Steinkoff paused for a moment to see if the students had been following him. As he scanned the classroom, a loud, blaring bell signaled the end of another fascinating class. "All right then," he continued, "read over your notes for the next time. We'll go on with the Special Theory. Class dismissed."

The college students promptly filed out of the bright classroom, noisily discussing the material they had just covered. As Dr. Steinkoff bent over to pick up his briefcase, Chris Summers, a pert, shapely blonde, approached him. "I thought that was an excellent lecture you gave last night, Doctor," she said.

"Oh, thank you, Chris," Doctor Steinkoff replied. "Were you able to understand it?"

"Well, most of it," she smiled. "It was certainly the most interesting lecture I've ever attended." They entered the busy hallway

which was now at the height of its bustling activity. "Well, I'll see you tomorrow, Doctor."

"All right, Chris," he said.

As Dr. Steinkoff walked down the long hall, several students greeted him, and each time he returned the greeting with the person's name. Two juniors had been following him on their way to class.

"Hey, Bill, isn't that Dr. Steinkoff?" asked Jim.

"Yeah, it is," Bill replied. "You should have heard him today. Man, I learned more this past week than I did all last year."

"You mean you've got him for a class?" Jim asked.

"Yeah, it's a special honors course, and boy, is this guy good. They say that underneath that big, bushy mess of hair lies one of the smartest brains in the whole world. Dr. Steinkoff is one of the few people in the universe who can understand Einstein."

"But if he's so smart, why is he teaching in a college?" Jim demanded. "Why doesn't he work for the space program or something?"

"Oh, but he does," said Bill. "He's just teaching this one semester so he can work on some theory

of his about education. He's a pretty important man, all right, and quite valuable to the government. What a brain he must have! Boy, that's one thing I'd sure like to do."

"What's that?" asked Jim, a little puzzled by Bill's statement.

"Take a look at Dr. Steinkoff's brain," mumbled Bill. "I'd just like to see what goes on inside that man's head."

At the end of the hallway, Dr. Steinkoff walked through the double set of doors and out into the dazzling sunlight. The sun's rays outlined his tall, masculine figure. A gentle breeze frolicked through the mountain of curly hair and softly dangled a sandy lock over the forehead of his young, handsome face. He stopped for a moment to smell the fresh perfume of spring flowers. Numerous, billowing puffs, floating through the azure sky, directed his thoughts toward the distant regions of the universe — regions which he had once believed to be uncommunicable with the human mind. Dr. Steinkoff shook his head, then continued on his way, whistling his favorite tune, the melody from Mozart's Third Piano Concerto. As he sauntered up toward the large, red brick faculty building, two other professors joined him.

"Beautiful morning, isn't it, Doctor?" began one of them.

"Yes, it is. It's about time that

sun decided to smile on us," Dr. Steinkoff answered.

"Would you care to join us for a cup of coffee, Doctor?" the other asked.

"Why, thank you, Mr. Thomas, I believe I will. I could use a little something to pep me up. I've been feeling rather tired lately."

"I can imagine," said Mr. Ward. "You've been very busy these past few weeks. It's a shame you can't stay on campus another semester. We're going to miss you."

"Thank you," replied Dr. Steinkoff, "and I'd like to stay here too, but I already promised Mayo's Clinic I'd help them this summer, and the Pentagon is expecting to see me next fall."

An electric eye picked up the signal and opened the automatic door, allowing the three gentlemen to pass into the elaborate faculty hall. They served themselves and sat down in three leather lounge chairs in front of a large picture window. The view overlooked a small valley which contained many of the college's halls. The pied landscape encouraged a discussion on the college's growth and the rapid intellectual development of the students. Dr. Steinkoff had been conversing quite normally when suddenly a throbbing pain struck the back of his head. He realized im-

by jerry patterson

mediately what was happening. His brain waves had reached that certain intensity which enabled him to intercept the brain's commands to other parts of the body. This strange phenomenon had happened to him before. He had never told anyone about it because he knew they would not believe him. Just as they had not believed that he had trained his mind in the art of extrasensory perception and could control it at will. Even these men sitting next to him, although they acknowledged him as being unusually intelligent, would not accept the fact that he had held communications with some type of being outside of the earth's solar system. Dr. Steinkoff thought to himself, the impulse is intensely strong. I must listen to it. Pretending to still be paying attention to the conversation, he gently felt the back of his head until he found the *glossopharyngeal* nerve. He followed its purring vibrations up to the motor area of his brain. He concentrated very seriously, and then, he heard it. His brain was giving commands. He listened.

"Hello, Main Bloodstream? This is the Brain. Listen, I want that coffee up here as fast as possible. We've got to keep those eyelids open. They're starting to droop. I already ordered the stomach to let the caffeine pass through. It's waiting to be picked up, so hurry. What's that? No! bypass the kidneys.

"Hello, Nerve Operator? Get me the Right Eyeball Communications Center. What do you mean,

'How could any eyeball be wrong?' Very funny. Very funny. Hello, RECC? This is the Brain. We're still getting too much light. You'd better close the iris down to about 3.717 and switch the color cones up to four. There, hold it, that's much better."

A high-pitched whistle shrieked through the motor lobe. "Operator, get me the Heart, and hurry! Heart? This is the Brain again. The lungs just reported an unidentified floating germ in the lower bronchial tube. We can't take any chances. I want twenty thousand white corpuscles and thirteen hundred red blood cells called into action immediately! There's a reserve unit in the left foot's middle toe. Get an artery down there to pick them up right away. Their orders are to find that germ and destroy it. Understand? Good! Whew, I can tell this is going to be another busy day.

"Operator, I'd like to speak to the Memory Division. Good morning, Mem. What's new?"

"Not too much, Brain," Mem reported. "I'm working on a new chapter. Did you realize that, except for the first three books, every book up here is in perfect condition? I don't even have to dust them off."

"That's wonderful," said the Brain. "We must have top efficiency around here."

"By the way," said Mem, "how did you like that dream last night? I wrote all the material for it myself."

"It was the best one ever," re-

plied the Brain. "Parts of it really had me puzzled."

"Oh," said Mem, "I almost forgot to remind you. You're supposed to have an appointment now with five delinquent fat globules."

"Okay, Mem, thanks."

The Brain turned to his intercom set. "Miss Tissue, please send in the five fat globules." After a moment's pause the five globules entered the big, dark lobe and stood before the Brain. "You all know why you were summoned here," the Brain said as he paced back and forth. "It's because you are all too fat! I'm running a top-flight machine here, and I don't want anyone standing around clogging things up. You have each been given a diet to follow and a set of exercises to perform each day. You do have a choice though. You can either shape up or ship out! Understand?"

The five fat globules whimpered a shy "yes" and waddled out.

"Brain, this is the Operator. You have a call from the Heart."

"Thank you," said the Brain picking up the receiver, "go ahead."

"This is the Heart. The attack in the bronchial tube was a complete success. The troops surrounded the germ and destroyed it. There was only one minor flaw in the whole operation. One of the corpuscles went AWOL. We found him back at his girl friend's place. What do you suggest we do with them?"

"Well, since they want to be together so much," the Brain an-

swered, "we'll just put them on rectum duty for a week."

"Don't you think that's a little bit harsh?" asked the Heart.

"No, I don't" replied the Brain. "This body is going to stay in perfect condition. The Central Intelligence Area assigned me to this job to make sure that the body meets all the requirements demanded by the CIA. We've got exceptional intelligence. We can have an exceptional body too."

"Operator, get me the nasal station." There was a long pause, then finally someone blurted out.

"Duh, Bellybutton here."

"Not navel station, you idiot, *nasal* station," thundered the Brain. "Hello, Nose, what seems to be the problem? You've got a sneeze coming on, huh? All right, thanks for the warning." The Brain pressed a light green button. "All upper level systems, fasten your sneeze belts immediately." There was a booming roar which penetrated deep into the bone cells. A white safety light lit up and the Brain waited for individual reports. "Nerves, normal." "Ear drums, steady beat." "Liver, undamaged." "Throat, clear." "All systems 'go'; back to work," said the Brain.

The Brain sat quietly, twiddling his nerve cells, then he realized that nothing was happening.

At that moment Miss Tissue called over the intercom, "Brain, you are wanted in the council lobe. Representatives from all the body systems have assembled and are waiting to talk to you."

The Brain was shocked at this

news, but within seconds he was entering the great council lobe. He stayed there for what seemed like hours, although it was actually only a few minutes. When he came out he said nothing, but went back slowly into the motor area. He walked straight over to a big red telephone and picked up the receiver. The phone was connected directly to CIA headquarters. The Brain began to speak, but his voice was soft and his tone was sad. "This is the Brain speaking. I have just come from an assembly meeting of the system Representatives. I am . . . afraid our time . . . has come. The body systems are growing weak, and I am exhausted. We will try to hold on as long as possible, but the end is inevitable. Your supreme intelligence was too far advanced for this type of body. Your communications with other beings, both on the earth and in outer space, dulled the senses to half their sharpness. The *medulla oblongata* has been cramped by your expanding knowledge. The members of the body are not bitter; they are sorry that we could not work together. We hope that someday such an intellect will have an equally efficient body. Perhaps it is best this way. Where would you have gone after this? What

other limits could there be to hold you in? I, myself, could not fathom your depths." The whole Brain was shaking now. "We will continue to work and wait." He could say no more. He set the receiver down and fought to hold back the tears, lest any water form on the Brain.

"Don't you agree, Dr. Steinkoff? . . . Doctor? . . . Dr. Steinkoff, are you listening?" Mr. Thomas shook him. "Doctor, are you all right?"

"Huh, what? Oh, yes, I'm sorry. I guess I was daydreaming . . . or something," he muttered.

"You look awfully pale," said Mr. Ward.

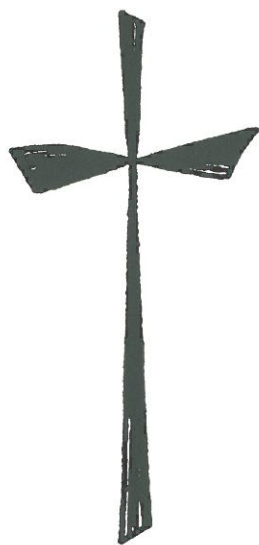
"Oh, I guess I'm just a little tired," he said.

"Perhaps some fresh air would make you feel better," suggested Mr. Thomas.

"Yes, perhaps it would." Dr. Steinkoff rose, mumbled something about waiting, and walked toward the door, leaving his briefcase on the floor beside his chair.

An electric eye picked up the signal, but the automatic door did not open. Dr. Steinkoff pushed the door open with his hand and walked out completely unphased. The two professors watched Dr. Steinkoff's tall silhouette softly fade into the silent horizon.





FOR I HAVE SINNED

Home from college for Easter vacation, Ed and Tom had been driving around for two days in search of some kind of excitement and entertainment. It was Ed who got the idea of going to confession.

"What the hell for?" asked Tom, shocked by Ed's hair-brain idea. "You turning into a Catholic or something?"

Ed smiled at Tom's sarcastic dig. "I just figured it was something to do. After all, we do have to make our Easter duty."

Tom glared at Ed in an unfriendly manner. "What makes you think I have to go to confession?"

Ed didn't understand Tom's defensive attitude and was noticeably more nervous as he continued, stuttering. "I . . . ah . . . I . . . hell! I want to go even if you don't. I'm taking Joan to church Easter Sunday and I want to be able to go to Communion with her."

Tom continued to give Ed that bushy-browed, squinty-eyed look which usually preceded those few choice words he used so often. "Are you puttin' me on?" he asked.

"Listen, just drop me off at the church. I'll call you tonight and see if you want to do anything, okay?"

Tom put the car into first as he stared at the roof. "I don't believe you exist." As the light changed he systematically shifted from first to second and finally into third.

Not a word was spoken by either boy till Tom pulled up in front of the church. Ed slid off the seat into a standing position on

by
michael meservey

the curb. He leaned over the door to speak to Tom, who sat staring out the window.

"Thanks. I'll call you tonight."

As he turned to close the door he heard Tom say, "I'll wait for you."

"What for?"

"Never mind what for, just hurry it up."

Ed wasn't going to push his luck with Tom, and he did want a ride home, so he nodded, closed the door, and walked up the sidewalk leading to the church stairs.

Tom slouched in the car, one leg draped comfortably over the seat and the other stretched across the hump in the floor. He took a pack of cigarettes from his shirt pocket, shook one out, and lit it. "Holy roller," he thought to himself as the first drag from the cigarette swirled in his lungs and he saw Ed enter the church.

After about fifteen minutes Ed came bounding down the stairs. A rather plump lad, his shock of blond hair hung loosely over his black, deep-set eyes. Hopping into the car, he tried to avoid Tom's scrutinizing stare.

"Does the little boy feel all better now?" quipped Tom in a sweet, babyish tone.

"Dammit Tom, cut it out! What the hell's the matter with you? Can't a guy go to confession without being mocked?"

He stared right back at Tom waiting for some smart reply for which Tom was usually never wanting. Tom sat motionless, staring past Ed at the church.

"Come on," said Ed. "Let's get going. I've got to get home for dinner."

To his surprise, Tom opened his door, got out, and walked slowly around the front of the car. Ed quickly rolled down his window and yelled after him.

"Hey! . . . Just where the hell are you going now?"

"Wait for me," said Tom looking back over his shoulder. "I'll be right back."

Ed stared after him in disbelief as he went up the stairs and into the church. "Well I'll be damned," he mumbled to himself while trying to believe his eyes.

Once inside the church, Tom had a terrific urge to just turn around and walk out. Ed had indirectly challenged his self-esteem and he couldn't chance to lose face with Ed.

"Why do I always have to be the smart guy?" he thought to himself. He felt like standing in the back of the church, and, after ten or fifteen minutes, walking out. "How would Ed know I didn't go to confession?" he asked himself.

The church was dark and gloomy; an atmosphere of mystery and fear seeped out of the walls. It was lighted by two bulbs, one on each side of the church, which, Tom surmised, couldn't have more wattage than two flashbulbs. Feeling conspicuous just standing there, he made a hasty genuflection and knelt down in a pew.

From what he could see, there was only one other person in the church, and she was up front pray-

ing with her head in her hands. "Must have really been given one helluva penance," he thought to himself.

As he knelt there, Tom's fear began to leave him and his headstrong courage slowly began to return. "What's there to be afraid of? The priest can't hurt me. What's a few prayers?"

As Tom thought about these things he remembered two incidents of his early life which had more or less made him afraid of going to confession.

The first was when he was in grammar school. He hadn't really done anything worth confessing, he just wanted to go "to get graces," as the nuns had always said. He walked into the confessional and told the priest what minor things he could think of and expected a light penance. It was then that the priest trapped him. "Would you please say one rosary," he had said, "for all fallen-away Catholics, that they may receive the grace of God and amend their ways?"

Tom couldn't refuse his penance, which he really thought it was; yet, he couldn't ever figure out why the priest had picked him to be the scapegoat in his hopes for fallen-away Catholics.

The second incident was when he was in high school. He had had a date with this really sharp girl who had the reputation of being "A real make-out!" In the course of getting his money's worth, Tom had gone further than he had intended. He really didn't know what had gotten into him to make him

touch her the way he had. She seemed to want to go all the way, but when his physical being began to react in a way reserved for marriage, he realized what he was doing and knew it was wrong. He told the priest in the confessional all of this and was given a lecture for an hour.

This was the most unjust thing anyone had ever done to him, by his way of thinking. After all, he was sorry and he felt bad enough without the priest condemning him.

"When I finally got out of there," Tom mused to himself, "people looked at me like I was public enemy No. 1. Some of my friends were there and it was a week before they stopped calling me 'killer'."

As Tom knelt there thinking about all of this he almost decided to leave. "But hell! Why should I be afraid? I'll give him a chance. But if he gets pumpy, I'm going to walk out," he said to himself, half out loud, with grim determination.

He saw the light go on above the door of one confessional and watched while an elderly man came out and went all the way to the altar rail to say his penance, just like the little kids do. He went from the statue of Mary on the left to the statue of Joseph on the right and finally to the center.

"The old nut," thought Tom pityingly. "Must be in his second youth."

Nobody went into the confessional, so Tom got up and started walking towards it. "Now or never," he decided.

Once inside, he closed the door and knelt down. He heard the sharp "click" as the light went off when the kneeler went down. He waited for what seemed like days before the priest slid the screen back so he could speak.

"Bless me father for I have sinned. It has"

"What else is new?" broke in the priest in a startling manner.

Dumbfounded and obviously quite shook, all Tom could come forth with was a weak "Huh?"

"Let's skip the formalities and get right down to business. Okay boy?" said the priest trying to explain his action.

"Sure" answered Tom, wondering just exactly what was coming off.

"Is your main problem purity?" the priest asked.

"Yes, I guess so, Father."

"Well, let's talk about it, okay?"

"Sure."

After about thirty minutes, Tom and the priest were still going strong. Tom was talking like he had never talked to anyone before. He never even noticed the time. He didn't know whether it was the anonymity of the whole thing or not. All he knew was that this priest was listening to what he was saying and seemed to want to help him. He didn't tell him that he was rotten and that there was no hope for him, he just offered his opinion and tried to show Tom ways of avoiding this particular sin in the future. Tom just babbled on and on.

He ended up making a general confession of his whole life, a life which the priest didn't think was altogether too bad. For his penance he received one rosary, which, at this time, seemed too little for all he appeared to have done in the course of nineteen years of life.

"Thanks for coming," said the priest as Tom was leaving. "Come in to see me about any troubles you may have. That's a standing invitation, okay boy?"

"Sure, Father, thanks." For once the word "thanks" had some meaning behind it.

Returning to his pew from the confessional, Tom noticed the priest's placard above his door. "Rev. Charles Stern, S.J." Tom suggested to himself that the "S.J." was latin for "Jerk Straightener-outer." He was in one of his rare good moods.

When Tom finished his rosary, he genuflected and walked out of the church. He really did feel good.

Ed watched his friend walk down the stairs and around the front of the car. No sooner had he gotten in and pushed his wavy crop of black hair out of his eyes than Ed tore into him.

"Do you have any idea what time it is, ass? What the hell were you doing in there, sleeping? If I'm late for dinner, my mom is going to be as ticked off as hell!"

Tom didn't give Ed any recognition.

"For a person who was scared of going in there," continued Ed,

"you sure don't look like you've just been through hell."

"I haven't," said Tom.

"Was he very tough on you?" asked Ed inquiringly.

"No."

"We must have had different priests. Mine was a real gook. Wanted to talk. Gave me a whole rosary."

Tom looked at Ed without saying anything.

"Hey," said Ed, "I was thinking about what we can do tonight while you were in there spilling your soul out. Why don't you call Donna and I'll call Joan and maybe we can go to the drive-in? I can just taste her ruby red lips and feel her velvety body respond to my manly caresses! !"

"Shut up!" said Tom angrily.

"What the hell's the matter with you now? You are the damnedest person to understand!"

"Just shut up!"

"It's a free country and I can talk if I want to!" returned Ed determinedly.

Tom started the car and pulled away from the curb.

"I don't want to go to the drive-in," said Tom as he shifted from second to third.

"Why not?"

"I just don't want to. Let's go bowling or to that basketball game over at St. Ignatius, okay?"

"Can't get any lovin', that way," voiced Ed disgustedly.

"I don't want to get any lovin'. dammit! Anyway, I've seen both the movies and they're lousy. I'll call Donna when I get home, and if she wants to go, I'll let you know, okay?"

"You're the boss," said Ed. "It's your car."

Tom pulled up in front of Ed's house, put the car in neutral, and turned to look at Ed.

"I'll call you if Donna can go."

Ed nodded, opened the door, and climbed out. Angrily slamming the door, he turned and started walking towards his house.

"Hey, Ed!" yelled Tom after him.

Ed turned around and stooped over so he could see Tom through the window. "What do you want now?"

"Do you know what the priest's name was that you went to confession to?"

"Stern, . . . I think. Yeah, . . . Rev. Charles Stern. Boy, I'll never go to that guy again."

"Thanks," said Tom.

Ed walked up the front stairs and put his key into the lock on the door. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Tom make the turn at the end of the street. "Holy roller," he thought to himself as he entered the house and heard his mom start yelling.



RESOLUTION

Quit this Masterly effort!

Let yourself acquiesce.

Let your Self outflow.

But no —

Bonds closer than your and Self

Beckon on

To higher aspirations.

Not the outflow of Self,

But the inflow of the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

Raise yourself, man!

Clutch the candle of hope,

Shade it from the wind of worldly whim.

Immerse Self in this illumination of the future,

Catch a flicker in your hand,

Feel the warmth of its force,

Ferret out its meaning —

The meaning of the Master.

No! Resist! It is not natural.

Only the fool follows this course.

Desist — turn back!

Impossible!

Life is led on by its Source.

Assimilate the subtle sounds of a Life outpoured.

Adopt that Life for your own.

Drink and be nourished, or — perish.

Look forward and backward;

Both lead to resolution.

-- brother justin duffy, c.f.p.

FOUR MODERN NOVELISTS

A SYMPOSIUM

alberto moravia

james joyce

ignazio silone

andre gide



THE VISION OF ALBERTO MORAVIA

by
james muth

If the contemporary novel has a generating force, it lies in the artists' vision of the situation of mankind. Novelists who are attracting the attention of the critical public now describe the novel as an art form which sets out to identify man, to tell who and what he is. It is from this point that the novelists of "commitment" like Jean-Paul Sartre and Albert Camus began.

Alberto Moravia, who perhaps can also be viewed along with Camus and Sartre in light of his severe

existential themes, sees his function as an artist precisely in terms of the plight of modern man — the modern man who has inherited a devalued social structure which itself is in a state of constant devolution. He has set out, as T. S. Eliot did, to offer a description of the individual in his world and an "illustration of a particular conception of life." For Moravia, as for Eliot, the modern era is a wasteland. In the April 17th issue of *Saturday Review*, he compares mankind to "a filthy blood-stained drunkard who looks at himself in the mirror and is surprised to find that he looks so horrible." There are outlooks which are perhaps not as bleak as Moravia's; but his is, nevertheless, representative of the mainstream of contemporary literature.

Although his novels are clumsy and sometimes melodramatic in their plot structures, Moravia writes with all the traditional skill of the French realistic and naturalistic tradition. And since the early nineteen-thirties, the voice of Moravia has been of prime importance in Italy and in the last ten years or so, has been heard with increasing attention throughout the world as a model of detached eloquence and modernity.

Since his first novel, *The Time of Indifference*, which was published before his twentieth birthday, Moravia's skill as a writer has certainly increased. But the ideas and themes of his work have remained somewhat constant. His novels and stories, he likes to ex-

plain to critics, are concerned with one theme, just as all artists' — if they are great artists — have but one or two significant ideas. The theme, like that of many modern works, is simply the relationship of mankind and reality. Reality, for Moravia, is contained in a vague sense of the absurdity of civilization; man is an as yet undefined and dissipated "object." The individual, then, is viewed as the sum of his effective and significant relationships.

Moravia's characters are isolated from their surroundings, and in their isolation, according to Moravia's theories, incomplete. Indifference, part of the title of the first book and its entire subject, is the inevitable posture of the individual to whom people and the whole of society suggest nothing at all or, if anything, the separateness of the individual. There is the realization that the self, however it exists, exists apart from the *they* or the mass of pure functionary non-selves.

Michele in *Time of Indifference* wanders through the novel trying to compel himself to action:

for a moment he has a violent desire to react in some way or other, to ask questions, to argue, to protest. And then, with an acute feeling of humiliation and boredom, he reflected that when all was said and done, this had nothing whatever to do with him.

Indifference usually does not generate meaningful action; therefore, Michele does nothing. He contem-

plates nothing but out of self-interest, which itself is often purely material and, as in most of Moravia's other works, sexual.

His preoccupation with sexual matters and social determinism has led many critics and readers to attack his seemingly relentless portrayal of the sordid. But as Moravia explains in some autobiographical fragments in *Twentieth Century* (December, 1958), sex "is one of the most primitive and unchanging manifestations of the relationship with reality; and the same goes for the preoccupation with social and economic facts." The isolated individual, if he is to act, seeks a framework and perhaps even reasons for his acts, which constitute his relationships. His universe is inscrutable and bleak in its unintelligibility, and the prime instinctive means of relating are sexual and the exertion of unfeeling social control or participation in an ill-functioning social system.

These relationships, however, are totally egocentric; hence corrupt. Sexual union and economic activity are ways of engulfing and digesting the other; they are little more than reflections of the brutal interaction among animals. But for modern man, according to Moravia, they are certainties which still somehow exist in a world of uncertainty and absurdity.

In *Agostino*, a short novel which along with *Luca* has been published in America as *Two Adolescents*, a pubescent youth enters a search for an identity and a suit-

able relationship with his mother, who has in her romance with another man become something other than the doting mother. Agostino is aware of her sexuality and at the same time of his own; thus, his former relationship collapses. His method of establishing a new union with his mother is a farcical one which demands that he substitute a prostitute — someone to whom he can be sexually related — for his mother. Agostino's plan is not successful. Agostino and Moravia's other characters lack the security of well-defined personalities and firm relationships. When the sexual union is realized by a character, as in *Luca*, it functions like a therapeutical device which enables the character to regain some reason for pursuing a life which promises to be painful and ultimately unsuccessful.

In such pragmatic and brutal unions, it is, of course, uncommon to find anything but physical love. And, as some critics have pointed out, the absence of love in these purely physical relationships has reached something of a crisis. In Moravia's work, love, even elemental familial love, is scarce. In *Time of Indifference* the family is anything but a unit and is held together by mere tradition, the inability of the members to change their positions. But love is a perfection of very basic relationships. In Moravia's world, not at all the ideal or perhaps for many the real, there are no such consummated relationships. Love cannot exist; this in part constitutes the horror the

old drunkard sees reflected in the mirror.

For many years Moravia has been thought to be primarily a novelist of social protest. Much of his work deal with the hallowness, complacency and conformity of the middle-class way of life. But Moravia's primary concern is for the "problems of the day" which he attempts to objectify. In the recent *Saturday Review* essay he reiterated his doctrine of man as the end of the novel. In *Women of Rome*, *The Conformist*, *The Empty Canvas* and his other shorter works, his chief aim is the portrayal of the human situation. Obviously an individual exists in a milieu and among other individual who manifest similar problems. But Moravia, rather than to present an exact reproduction of Italy, as perhaps Thomas Mann does with the northern countries in his early milieu novels, prefers to suggest the Italian culture first as an integral part of his characters and then as a background for his characters' action or inaction.

However, since man's situation prevents human relationships from coming to perfection in love, it must also, in its hardening of the human spirit, render man insensitive to the beauty of heritage, culture and art. Moravia's Italy thus becomes ugly and at times a carefully detailed nightmare. Nature also compliments the bleakness of his works' unwinding into oblivion. It rains dully throughout almost the entire length of *Time of Indifference*. In *Agostino* the blazing

sun and the glare of the sea and sand accentuates the squalidness of the beachcombers and their homosexual mentor. The sun no longer warms, it burns. The water doesn't cleanse, it rots and rusts. Night doesn't provide rest and silence but cavelike secrecy. It would seem that Moravia's characters have been brutally "kept" in a universe and society which is not only alien to them but hostile as well. They are, in a sense, representative of inevitable human depravity.

Turning again, however, to the author's article in the *Saturday Review*, we discover that his vision is not one of total pessimism. "One need not be a prophet," he states, "to foresee that within a century or two mankind will have rediscovered a decent image of himself." The critical position of the modern man "is no more than the outcome of two frightful wars." The undefined modern is an ape-like mutant formed by the limitations he has placed upon himself. But Moravia believes, as Faulkner believed and stated in his often quoted Nobel Prize address, man will prevail and recover for himself the wholeness of true existence.

In this sense, Moravia is a moralist or, as he calls it, an ideologist. In a story called "The Secret," one of the *Roman Tales*, a trucker experiences a very acute sense of guilt for having struck down a cyclist. In Christianity a true feeling of guilt and sorrow leads to a purgation, reformation and forgiveness achieved primarily

through the religious experience — the relationship between man and God.

The trucker, however, has no knowledge of such a communion with the divine; his relationship with his world consists in the Moravian impersonal sexual union. The girl is unable to cope with the trucker's guilt, and thus his "release" does not materialize. The purely physical relationship, which in Moravia's world necessarily excludes love and genuine compassion, is sterile and hopelessly incomplete. But in the realization that in such unions the "lover" is separate from the imagined "loved," there is a suggestion that not only is human love unrealized but it can be itself, if realized, transcended by yet another more perfect communion — the religious experience or the communication between man and his God.

It would be a mistake to regard Moravia's work as primarily religious; to my knowledge, no one has ever thought of suggesting such a thing, especially the Church. However, Moravia's fiction seems to be moving toward a significant and effective relationship of man and his world. Mankind is left with the prospect of a search for this communion and communication, which God (not necessarily established religion) is part of and which contains also the true understanding of a love-giving *other* person. Moravia's vision, then, if not religious, is one which accepts the worth of life and full human existence.

JAMES JOYCE: ALIENATION AND COMPROMISE

by
norbert
krapf

Self-exiled from his native Ireland, alienated from the Catholic Church, James Joyce bequeathed to English literature a legacy of three novels, a collection of short stories, a play, and a short volume of poetry. Although his works are not great in number, they, and his private life, have precipitated a tremendous deluge of criticism that becomes more and more voluminous annually, but not necessarily more lucid. Probably Joyce's greatest contribution to the novel form was his direct representation of the thoughts and points of view of his protagonists, a representation rendered in a language of

great virtuosity. He was not the originator of stream-of-consciousness writing, but he developed it to what appears to be perfection. *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, which serves as a vestibule to his other novels, and *Ulysses*, which many consider his masterpiece, contain his major themes and embody his linguistic and stylistic mastery.

Portrait traces the intellectual development of Stephen Dedalus, the artistic young man whose name is derived from St. Stephen the martyr and Daedalus, the mythological character who created a pair of wings so that he and his son could escape from the labyrinth on the island of Crete. The action of the novel primarily takes place within Stephen's consciousness, and the other characters exist fundamentally as they impinge upon his mind. The span of time covered is from his schoolboy days until he decides upon a literary career. As Stephen's intellectual powers develop, the language of the novel (of his mind) becomes more mature; as his mind develops, his awareness of words and their association becomes more acute.

The novel begins:

Once upon a time and a very good time it was there was a moocow that was down along the road and this moocow that was down along the road met a nicens little boy named baby tuckoo.

These words, flowing through the mind of young Stephen, are from a story his father had earlier told

him. The reader sees that even as a little boy the main character is fascinated by stories, by reshaping them according to his interests.

As Stephen becomes older, he gets into trouble because of his independence of thought and religious doubt. His Jesuit education causes him to rebel against the Church; his parents' inability to understand his artistic temperament and religious doubt leads him to withdraw himself from his family; the naive Irish nationalism of his fellow citizens induces him to forsake his country. In conversation with Davin, one of his university acquaintances, Stephen says:

When the soul of a man is born in this country there are nets flung at it to hold it back from flight. You talk to me of nationality, language, religion. I shall try to fly by these nets.

Later he proclaims:

I will not serve that in which I no longer believe, whether it call itself my home, my fatherland, or my church: and I will try to express myself in some mode of art as freely as I can, using for my defence the only arms I allow myself to use, silence, exile, cunning.

Not only has Stephen declared openly his rebellion, but he also, in the celebrated passage which critics often consider the formula which Joyce followed in writing *Portrait*, *Ulysses*, and *Finnegans Wake*, relates to his comrades at the university his aesthetic theory. Based on Aristotle and St. Tho-

mas, the theory contains, in addition to a discussion of the nature of beauty, the nature of a work of art, the general characteristics for a work of art, and the conditions for producing a work of art, a distinction between three literary forms:

. . . the lyrical form, the form wherein the artist presents the image in immediate relation to himself; the epical form, the form wherein he presents his image in mediate relation to himself and others; the dramatic form, the form in which he represents his image in immediate relation to others.

Portrait would be the lyric, the personal expression of Stephen's mind, wherein the characters are seen only through his mind, wherein he is the central figure in every scene; *Ulysses* the epic, wherein the personality of the creator passes into the narration itself through the myriad styles; and *Finnegans Wake*, the drama, wherein the personality of the artist becomes completely invisible.

Stephen, then, has rebelled against the conformity and authority of his church, family, and nation, has formulated an aesthetic credo, and prepares himself for exile. His isolation is self-induced, for if he would conform, he would not be set apart; but he cherishes his solitude. The diary entries in the last section of the novel reveal him as he is figuratively about to soar above the nets hampering his creativity, to Paris. He announces to

himself that he is again about to encounter experience, but this time to forge in his soul "the uncreated conscience of [his] race." In the last entry he petitions Daedalus the artificer to stand by him.

But on June 16, 1904, the day over which the 768 pages of *Ulysses* unfold, the would-be artist is back in the Dublin, which in *Portrait* had "shrunk with time to a faint mortal odour," of his native Ireland, "the old sow that eats her farrow." The same learned, clever person, he teaches history at a boy's school but has created nothing since the lyric poem he wrote before leaving for Paris. He has forged nothing but a deeper disillusion and rambles aimlessly about Dublin after quitting his job. His weapons of silence, cunning, and exile were creatively impotent.

Joyce reduces the time and space of the novel to an eighteen-hour period during which his characters go about living within the few miles of the Dublin sphere, and, because of this temporal and spatial concentration, the author is able to focus on the characters with a remarkable intensity. In penetrating the life within these eighteen hours, Joyce integrates two divergent methods of writing: naturalism, with its emphasis upon a compilation of factual and physical details, and the stream-of-consciousness, with its total concentration on the minds of the characters, on their thoughts which delve into the past, present, and future. One knows the characters well after the last page. In concentrat-

ing on the world of Dublin on this particular day, Joyce follows the activities of three people — Stephen, Leopold Bloom, and Molly Bloom.

The novel is divided into three sections and eighteen chapters, or episodes. Each of the eighteen episodes differs from the rest in content, and often in style, language, mood, and tempo. The first section, comprising three episodes, is entirely concerned with Stephen; the second, containing twelve episodes, is devoted mostly to Leopold Bloom; and the final, consisting of three episodes, is almost equally divided among the three characters.

The most overt pattern the novel follows is a burlesque-parody of Homer's *Odyssey*, with Stephen corresponding to Telemachus, Leopold to Ulysses, and Molly to Penelope. And in terms of the *Odyssey* parallel, one who thinks of Telemachus' search for a father and Ulysses' search for a son. Bloom has lost a son and Stephen has alienated himself completely from his father. Twice in the course of the day the paths of Bloom and Stephen cross, but they do not actually meet until the brothel scene, where Stephen is drunk and needs assistance. Afterwards, Bloom takes him home with him, but Stephen refuses the offer to sleep there and wonders off. Leopold gets into bed with his drowsy, promiscuous wife Molly, and the novel ends with her reverie of thoughts. None of the characters succeeds in establishing any

sort of successful relationship with any other, not even the husband with his wife. None of the characters arrives at a preconceived destination.

Each of the three main characters is primarily revealed through an internal monologue, the language of which corresponds to his or her personality. There is a unique rhythmic pattern for each character. Stephen, who still lives in his books, thinks in a complicated, learned, at times, cheerless pattern. His monologue is a staccato medley of allusions to literature, history, philosophy, religion, and myth. While he ponders on the beach during one of the episodes, his stream of thought reflects his intellectual nature:

Ineluctable modality of the visible: at least that if no more, thought through my eyes. Signatures of all things I am here to read, seaspawn and seawrack, the nearing tide, that rusty boot. Snot-green, blue-silver, rust: coloured signs. Limits of the diaphane. But he adds: in bodies. Then he was aware of them bodies before coloured. How: By knocking his sconce against them, sure. Go easy. Bold he was and a millionaire, *maestro di color che sanno* . . .

But in *Ulysses* Stephen is not the main character.

Leopold Bloom, a Jew who became a Catholic to placate his wife Molly, emerges as the chief figure, a timid, backward person who finds gratification in his fantasies only.

Even though he knows that Molly will have a rendezvous with another man at four o'clock, his unwillingness, or perhaps inability, to dominate prevents him from interfering. He has an affinity for the female form, but the nearest he can come to having an affair is his correspondence with a secretary who never appears in the novel, or the satisfaction he realizes from staring at the undergarments displayed by the young lame girl, Gerty MacDowell. His monologue is uncertain, nervous, shifting, much less intellectual than Stephen's:

Her stockings are loose over her ankles. I detest that: so tasteless. Those literary ethereal people they are all. Dreamy, cloudy, symbolistic Esthetes they are. I wouldn't be surprised if it was that kind of food you see produces the like waves of the brain of the poetical. For example one of those policemen sweating Irish stew into their shirts; you couldn't squeeze a line of poetry out of him. Don't know what poetry is even. Must be in a dreamy mood.

Molly often enters into the conversation of others on July 16, 1904, but the reader does not encounter her at length until the very last chapter, when Bloom finally climbs into bed with her. Her monologue deals mostly with her thoughts of her sexual conquests, her physical attractions, and her doubts about her future as a woman. Her stream is a formless, gushing, unbroken outpouring:

frseeeeeeeffronnnng train
somewhere whistling the
strength those engines have
in them like big giants and the
water rolling all over and out
of them all sides like the end
of Loves old sweet sonnnng
the poor men that have to be
out all night from their wives
and families in those roasting
engines stifling it was to-
day...

Her reverry returns at the end to
its subject at the beginning —
Bloom (she was suspicious of what
he had done all day).

In *Ulysses* Joyce created a
world in which people live without
being able to communicate effec-
tively, people compromised be-
tween their ambitions and achieve-
ments. At the end of *Portrait*,
Stephen had cut himself off com-
pletely from his environment so
that he might realize his ultimate
goal of creating literary art. But
in *Ulysses* he does not even refer to
or think about himself as someone
who aspires to become an author,
except in a resigned tone of amuse-
ment and self-ridicule. Leopold
Bloom's most outstanding charac-
teristic is his insecurity, and he
never overcomes it, although he
does manage to escape into his fan-
tasies. Molly is a promiscuous wo-
man who has not found satisfaction
in her affairs, and she imagines
herself as living with Stephen,
someone who to her appears to be
successful and romantic. Yet Joyce
created these characters with a
fondness and humor that enables
one to laugh gently and under-
standingly.

IGNAZIO
SILONE:
FONTAMARA
AND
BREAD AND
WINE

by

patrick mccann

Ignazio Silone was born in Ita-
ly in 1900. He was raised in a very
rural, very primitive village in the
mountains of central Italy. As a
young man he rebelled against the
Fascist movement in Italy and fi-
nally went into self-imposed exile
in Switzerland after giving up his
allegiance to the Communist party.
He has continued to write since
then and presently lives in Rome.

Fontamara preceded *Bread
and Wine* by three years. It was
first published in English in 1934;
Bread and Wine in 1937. Both
books are quite similar in charac-
terization, background, etc. For ex-
ample, the Italian mountain pea-
santry has a very significant role
in both novels. In both novels the
peasants are discontented with

their way of life. In both books a type of messiah comes to them. Acting as the catalyst for all their sublimated feelings against the more privileged classes, he fires them with a zeal for revolution. In *Bread and Wine* this person is Pietro Spina. In *Fontamara* he is the Solitary Stranger. It is very easy to suppose that Silone had himself in mind when he created these two characters. But the peasants are still the more important characters, for it is through the peasants that the novels achieve their purpose.

Another similarity in both books is the success with which Silone has created the local color. It is said that anyone who has ever been to the region of Italy about which Silone writes cannot help but recognize the same hills, fields, and people in the books. Even we who have never gone to Italy are struck by the real people and places we are reading about. The first section of *Fontamara* is a masterpiece of descriptive writing. I imagine that if we were to read these same books in the Italian in which Silone wrote them, his skill would be even more apparent. How could anyone translate the Uncle Remus stories into another language and still achieve the same effect? Again, I think he has such success because all of it is so personal to him.

Qualitatively, I believe *Bread and Wine* to be a better book than *Fontamara*. Certainly, it is a more mature book.

Fontamara is the story of the peasants in a town of that name. They are constantly being duped by those in whom they have placed their trust. Don Abbacchio, their priest and Don Cirsostanza, their former mayor, along with the landowners and political leaders, constantly use the citizens of Fontamara for their own ends. During the course of the book, we are witnesses to one abuse after another. Only one man, Berardo Viola, dares to rebel. In an abortive attempt to earn enough money to buy good land, which he sees as the only solution to his problems, he goes to Rome. Through a strange set of circumstances, he is arrested by the police with a representative of the Communist party. While they are in jail together, Berardo is converted by the man. At last Berardo finds a meaning for his life. He confesses that he is the Solitary Stranger whom the authorities have been seeking for subversive activities. Of course, he is not the real Solitary Stranger, because no single man is. But if Berardo were free, he knows he would be engaged in doing the same type of activity. The agitator is released and goes back to the business of the movement. Berardo is killed by the authorities, and his death is the signal for his fellow townspeople to begin their rebellion. Through the aid of Berardo's prison companion, they begin a newspaper, called "What Can We Do?"

I believe that this is Silone's main theme. What can anyone do when faced with what seems to be

an overwhelming problem, a question which demands an answer? He must, of course, solve the problem or answer the question without any consideration of the pragmatic good. This is what the peasants do. Throughout the countryside, in every village, the peasants revolt against those who oppress them. Many are killed. There will be much sorrow in families. But even if there are temporary losses, there will be an ultimate gain. They have been shown by Berardo, in life and in death, that their customary lethargy is really the cause of all their troubles. It is only they themselves who can relieve the burden.

It cannot be denied that *Fontamara* is a work of art, though occasionally Silone relies too heavily on the political, and at times becomes didactic. But both *Fontamara* and *Bread and Wine* are more than anti-fascist political tracts.

Don Luigi, a minor character in *Bread and Wine* says:

"There always comes a time of life" he said, "when the young men get bored by the bread and wine at home. They look for food elsewhere. The bread and wine in the inns at the crossroads can calm their hunger and thirst for a while. But a man can't spend all his life at the inns."

He utters the words which state the theme of the book. Pietro Spina is a young Italian, idealistic, anti-fascist man who has tired of the bread and wine at

home. He has dedicated himself to a cause. He is the young man fleeing unsatisfied. Throughout the entire novel, we follow Pietro Spina (alias Don Paolo) in his search for the better bread and wine which satisfies. We see him almost find it, only to be frustrated. But he searches yet. As the book ends, he is still running, still searching.

But not only is Pietro Spina running. Most of the other characters are also unsettled. The time is that immediately preceding World War II, concurrent with Mussolini's rise to power, and human values are hard to come by. Fascism and socialism are tearing Italy and the Italians in a tug-of-war. Pietro Spina is a socialist and an enemy of the people. He has dedicated himself to the growth of socialism in Italy which he sees as the panacea for many of the era's social evils. He has given up his home and family for the better bread and wine. As the book progresses, the bread he thinks he has found becomes stale and the wine becomes sour. In a sort of vain hope he continues to search.

One of the most settled characters is Don Benedetto, an old priest and former teacher of Spina. He has been retired from his priestly duties and functions by his superiors who have found his views too dangerous and radical in a time demanding the most extreme caution. But even in the calm of his sister's garden, there is a note of anxiety. At one time he possessed the bread and wine which satisfies, but it had been

taken away to be replaced by a long death-wait.

Christina Colamartini with whom Spina falls in love desires to enter a convent. But she is frustrated by family vicissitudes. As the book ends, she is trying to find Spina who has set off through the mountains in his escape from Italy.

The many young revolutionaries whom Spina meets are just like him. At present they are going through a phase. They have momentarily stopped at one inn. They never seem to find satisfaction. Some are killed. Some fall in love and are extremely unhappy afterwards. Some are hopeless failures.

The businessmen are not happy. The priests are not happy. The peasants who live the same life over again and again are dissatisfied. They want to go somewhere — many to America where there is plenty. But the only one who goes, Sciatap, has returned to Italy. He spends his time preaching against his American boss, Carlo Campanella, now Mr. Charles Little-Bell, Ice and Coal. We are reminded here of the peasants of Fontamara who finally realize that a man must make his own America.

There is really no one in this novel who has found security or peace or the best bread and wine. Each incident in the novel seems to reflect this. Nowhere does the action settle. Everything is so nebulous that even though the incidents depend one upon the other for continuity and progression, in the end, the action has gone no-

where. Nothing is resolved. Pietro Spina's story could go on for volumes. It cannot really end until Spina finds fulfillment. And we are left with the impression that he never will. He is like a tragic hero waiting for an end which never comes.

I think this is what Silone wanted to tell us. None of us can ever spend our entire lives in the many inns of false happiness we meet at all the crossroads. None of us can ever find happiness. None of the characters in his book do. They will never find happiness, because Silone does not know what happiness is. Silone, himself, is still searching.



THE GIDEAN HERO

by
daniel brodrick

Andre Gide was a very colorful personality. In his *Journals* he relates how he read the classics to the poor children of Normandy and how, upon the death of a lame bird he had been caring for in his room, he became saddened. Yet, he set up an unyielding opposition to the exhortations of Claudel, Maritain, and Mauriac to accept the Catholic faith. At times Gide seemed to say, as does one of his characters in *The Counterfeiters*, that

When we take care of the poor, the feeble, the rickety, the injured, we are making a great mistake; and that is why I hate religion — because it teaches us to.

At other times he pondered at length over the Bible and has even

set down his subsequent reflections in *Numquid et Tu* . . . Indeed, his entire life presents itself to us as a tortuous vacillation between the extremes of life — the physical and the spiritual. For Gide, self-realization was not to be found at either extreme. The Gidean hero, in a number of different characters, seems to manifest the same consternation.

In approaching the idea of the Gidean hero, we would do well to keep in mind that we are not attempting to judge Gide's work on the basis of any given moral system. Rather, we shall look to the work itself and try to grasp the way of life manifest therein. If there is any truth in the Gidean hero which might have a bearing upon our own involvement in life, it must be allowed to come into view and must not be prejudged.

In order to understand the Gidean hero we must briefly consider the background against which it takes form. Gide was born into an era in which more than a few sincere thinkers held a critical attitude toward what is commonly called the bourgeois ethic of the Nineteenth Century. The bourgeois ethic appeared to Gide as life-denying, static and self-abandoning, something less than what he viewed the true human situation to be. His general criticism of this ethic of complacency shows much affinity to that of Nietzsche who, in his *Genealogy of Morals*, shows the wide-spread denial of all that is noble and dynamic in human na-

ture and the glorification of servility and weakness. How can the poor in spirit and the meek be blessed? Christianity appeared a matter of convenience rather than a fruitful way of life. It is against this background that the dynamic and mobile Gidean hero takes shape in a struggle for self-realization rather than self-abnegation.

The general term that Gide applies to the unfortunate people encumbered by the bourgeois ethic is *les crustacés* — the encrusted ones, alluding to a phylum in the animal kingdom that includes such animals as crabs, creyfish, and lobsters. Ménalque refers to them as he is confiding to Michel, Gide's protagonist in his first important novel *The Immoralist*:

It is each his own self that each one of them is afraid of resembling. Each of them sets up a pattern and imitates it; he doesn't even choose the pattern he imitates; he imitates a pattern that has been chosen for him . . . I detest such moral agoraphobia — the most odious cowardice I call it.

Michel emerges in opposition to this way of life. Having been brought up in the milieu of the encrusted ones, Michel becomes aware of something within himself as he is recovering from a serious illness in North Africa. Simultaneously, he assumes a position of freedom or detachment from his family background of Puritanical morality and scholarly dedication. He discovers something within himself which can no longer act

upon the basis of those patterns which were foisted upon him in his youth. Michel approached physical death; in convalescence, he discovers physical life. But what he has discovered seems to be more than just crass physical life such as characterizes the brute; it is more authentically human than that. It is difficult to say what it precisely is; but at least we can see that it is a dynamic reality, real enough to change the course of Michel's life. It must be admitted, however, that this new reality, by force of which Michel abandons his old commitments, tends to be a physical dynamism rather than a spiritual one, and a relentless pursuit of sensual pleasures. Whatever it is, Michel accepts it as a new way of life, a new possibility for self-realization and self-fulfillment. Thus, Michel gives rein to that in him which seems to be noble, dynamic, powerful, and authentically human. He has reached the state of *disponibilité*, a state of freedom or unattachedness from the life-denying patterns of life, and has thereby entered upon a way of living that is rooted in the concept of pure mobility, the total absence of pattern.

Freedom and mobility, with a general orientation to the fulfillment of the physical self by way of sensual delight, all drive Michel restlessly through the heavy, aromatic climate of the North African oases. The night air, the gardens, the browned, naked bodies of Arab boys provide an utterly irresistible attraction — nothing of which can

be denied if he is not to deny that noble force within. This freedom and mobility, oriented to that aspect of life which Michel considers most real and authentic, ultimately bring about the death of Marceline, his weak, infirm wife. On her deathbed she tells Michel that she quite understands his doctrine. "A fine one perhaps but it does away with the weak." Thus, the unbound nobility of human nature has vanquished the servility and self-renunciation that man has hitherto espoused.

The Immoralist does not yet end; nor has the Gidean hero truly come into view. The passions die before the man. The newly won freedom and mobility are brought into question. Mobility and dynamism on the level of what Michel was beginning to accept as the really real in life cannot continue interminably; and, if this force relinquishes itself in time, what is to be done with freedom? Upon what basis does one act if it be not pure sensuality? Thus, Michel's freedom reverts to immobility for it is at a loss as to the mode of its own exercise. The story ends on an unresolved chord. The Gidean hero is free, but he does not know what to do with his freedom. The value towards which he has set his freedom somehow becomes illusory, destructive, and not as real as he first thought it to be. Self-realization and self-fulfillment are thus stifled.

Evidently, another aspect of life, as real and as human as that with which Michel came to be iden-

tified, appears to Gide. Somewhat a sequel to *The Immoralist*, Gide published a novel entitled *Strait is the Gate*. If the protagonist of *The Immoralist* came to be identified with the dynamic physical reality of life, the protagonist of *Strait is the Gate*, Alissa, can be identified with the dynamic spiritual reality of life. Basically the same themes appear in this novel. Alissa is not bourgeois in the sense that Gide criticizes. On the one hand, she is detached from the bourgeois ethic in much the same manner that Michel is. On the other hand, she has renounced the very reality of life that Michel has discovered in favor of a dynamic orientation to the value of God. She closes the garden gate in an absolute fashion upon the Michel-like, sensuous lover, Jérôme. As her story ends, her stand is likewise questioned. Something is again missing. Alissa feels forsaken by the very God to whom her whole way of living has been a total devotion — not the static, psychologically convenient devotion of the encrusted ones, but rather a dynamic and forceful devotion. The spiritual reality to which she felt she could freely respond for the sake of her own self-realization and fulfillment has suddenly become illusory. She proceeds to her death in a state of abeyance, holding forth her hands, at a loss for a value to which to respond. The story ends unresolved.

The next two novels written by Gide draw a striking parallel to *The Immoralist* and *Strait is the*

Gate. Michel is replaced by Lafcadio in *Lafcadio's Adventures* and Alissa by the Pastor in the *Pastoral Symphony*. Lafcadio is the very freedom and mobility that Michel was; but, in contrast to Michel, the mobility of Lafcadio takes shape toward a different level of value. What had been the seeming reality of life for Michel emerges as the gratuitous act of Lafcadio. In his work *Prometheus*, Gide has defined man as the "animal capable of the gratuitous act." Lafcadio is not Michel; and, although he manifests the same *disponibilité*, he moves on the basis that the only act with authentic human value is the gratuitous act. The gratuitous act arises from a motivation which is precisely the lack of all motivation, at least all ulterior motivation with an orientation to some ultimate pattern of life. The unpremeditated act is the most authentic. Find the value of the moment; do not consider the consequences that might stem from the grasp of this value. As Lafcadio says in the story,

In life one corrects oneself — improves oneself — so people say; but one can't correct what one does. It's the power of revising that makes writing such a colorless affair. . . . That's what seems to me so fine about life. It's like fresco painting — erasures aren't allowed.

Thus, on the spur of the moment, Lafcadio pushes Fleurissoire out of the compartment of a moving train to his death. Lafcadio commits murder for the sake of performing

the gratuitous act and denying himself a consideration of the unseen consequences. No erasures allowed. As it turns out in the story, Fleurissoire is the epitome of the encrusted ones. Under the force of his "Christian" obligation, Fleurissoire is led hither and thither in Italy in hopes of freeing the true pope from the hands of kidnappers. Of course, the kidnapping plot turns out to be a sham invented to lead the blind into contributing their resources to the cause of freeing the pope.

Again, what seems to be the noble and dynamic human reality, in this instance the gratuitous act, becomes the destruction of the weak and static. And again a questioning light is shed upon this value. Is the gratuitous act the self-fulfillment that the Gidean hero is searching for? The last page of the story is the beginning of a new story. Will Lafcadio continue living gratuitously or will he search for a new way of living? Lafcadio too stretches forth his hands.

In the *Pastoral Symphony* the same dilemma recurs. The spirit is the seeming reality at first but then emerges in the course of the story as illusory and deceptive. The pastor, in giving glory to God, vindicates his concern for the blind girl Gertrude. But his concern finally destroys Gertrude, because he finds that he has vindicated more than just a fatherly concern and love. He falls passionately in love with Gertrude and thereby brings evil and destruction to her life.

Again the assent to what had hitherto been the real value of life is suspended.

Freedom must act towards some value. The Gidean hero is free at first and dynamically creates his life on the level of the value he grasps as reality. The value grasped is questioned and

thus devalued, and freedom reverts to immobility. Every story ends by beginning a new search. The Gidean hero is groping through the darkness in hopes of coming upon a true light, upon a coin that rings true — one that will be good for a lifetime and not become illusory in the process.

LONELINESS

*Like so many sea shells on black velvet,
Which grandmama brings out on special days,
I lay myself before my friends and others.
Naked and highly polished,
I am examined, polished again,
And put down for another time,
forgotten in my own company.*

-- patrick mc cann

IT FELL LIKE A TEAR

Today is too much alive for me,
my heart has fallen like a tear.
I am preoccupied by the sound of her goodbye,
and the expectancy of no tomorrow.

She was an effortless escape to illusory
climes
within the lines of a poem;
tapping
over and inbetween the quarternotes of
gladness
and childhood charm.

Our heart and minds,
like leaves through the
translucently smokey patterns
of a romantic's mind,
searched together down
to the meally, fertile basics
of an Autumn; the mortality-end
ruled for recognition
and we ran into each other over
wires of glances; she and I
hid our cherishes in each
others' pockets and felt
securely light.
But the cold, to our childish fright,
snuck upon us each indifferently,
and gripped us; all smiles smokelessly
burned away and were resolutely
smothered in the unpure purity of a
fallen, heavy drift, and symbolism
of a year's life of poorly-timed
experiences, has destroyed the
joys of fifty more.

Today is too much alive for me,
my heart has fallen like a tear
I am convinced of the meaning of her goodbye,
and preoccupied with the sound of yesterday.

-- richard boesch

DER VERRÄETER

The autumn sun had just slid behind the Tyrols as Father Boniface rapped the baroque knocker against the tough oak of the monastery gate. It had been a long trip through the rugged valley and his arthritic skeleton was impatient for the fire in the warming room. He pulled his cape closer around his neck and mumbled a few ejaculations in thick Bavarian. No answer. Bang! Bang! Bang! The chubby cherub flew against the old gate again. Where could that porter be? Just then the heavy gate swung back and a bent, bearded lay brother appeared. "Guten Abend, Herr Pater." The bent figure bent even lower. "We are so glad that you could make it. The others are in the refectory. Please follow me."

Father Boniface thrust his gnarled fingers beneath his scapular and started trudging after the little brother through the enclosure. He gazed around at the shambles of the old cloister and the gutted chapel. He stopped before what had been the shrine of the Crucifixion.

"They did this?" he muttered,

pointing at the shattered corpus. The brother silently nodded, moving his whiskered head up and down hypnotically. "Ja, Herr Pater," he finally said, "It was they. It happened after they had closed the monastery down. Brummel had a garrison stationed here in case of any trouble at Dachau. With the trains bringing more of the prisoners in during the last days, he feared a revolt. The soldiers wanted amusement. When the Fuehrer would not furnish any more parties as things got worse, they turned to things like this."

Father Boniface kept staring at the rifled Christ. He muttered a few more prayers in dialect and followed the porter through the garth toward the refectory.

A tall, gray-haired priest strode toward him and offered him a hand as he stepped through the doorway. "We are glad to see that you could come, Father Boniface," he said half-cheerily.

"Thank you, Father Theodosius," the humped priest answered. "That path has gotten much steeper in nine years."

"You do not realize how steep, Father Boniface."

"Well, are the rest coming?" He wanted to take off his old brown cape, but it was not much warmer in here than it was outside in the cool autumn twilight.

"Everyone is here." He turned and pointed to the thirty priests sitting at the rough tables in silence. Boniface felt a queasy sensation in the pit of his stomach. Thirty priests. That was all who were left now. His eyes blurred and he felt dizzy. It all started to come back now. He had gone to see the Father General in Leipzig when it happened. It was in July. The Fuehrer was completing his war machine. Then the scribbled letter: Sankt Lukas closed by Fuehrer. Old Fathers and Brothers sent to war plant in Essen. Young ones drafted. Do not return. Stay in Leipzig until further notice.

Then Poland fell. Things looked safe in Leipzig. But one night in November the SS crashed the gates and claimed the monastery for the Third Reich. They had shoved him into a boxcar. Then the night ride to Buchenwald. And six years. Six long years.

"Are you all right?" asked Father Theodosius.

"I'll be fine, thank you," Fa-

ther Boniface replied. "I'm just a little tired, that's all."

"My brothers," Father Theodosius announced, "we are now all assembled. We are but thirty-two priests. We were once a great and powerful Order, but the Fuehrer changed it. As you all know, Father Gerhold, our provincial, died in Dachau three years ago. Tomorrow we shall elect his successor. It is necessary for us to get organized again because our people need us badly. We will need a strong leader to get us started. Ask the Holy Spirit to help us choose a man who can guide our Order back to its old greatness."

Father Boniface watched as the brown figures stood up one by one and filed past the smoke-stained statue of the Virgin and out through the low door into the cloister. There was Father Rheinhard. A fine man in his time. He came from the von Hoffman family. The war had grayed and leaned him, but he still marched out, proud of the royal Bavarian blood in his veins. The Fuehrer may have broken his body, but the hardship had aged his spirit like Eiswein.

Father Anton hobbled out behind him, supporting himself on a cane. His ruddy face was scarred by the brutality of those six years. After him came Father Josef, his blank eyes peering over his wrinkled jowls. And Father Rudolf. And Father Augustin. Yes, some of the old ones were still there. They had weathered the Reich. They were the men who should rebuild the Order. They could bring the Or-

by robert
schreiter

der back to what it was before the Reich: a large Order endowed with the spirit of the German people. This was what the people needed: a strong priesthood to carry them back to their old greatness. The Order had always supported the Deutsche Nation. And it must not fail now. But what if one of those younger ones got in? Like that Father Benedikt. Some had said he talked much of co-operation with the occupation and of Bavaria as part of a new German Bundesrepublik. Or Father Wilhelm. He was even thinking of a united Europe with Bavaria as just another province! Verraeter! They wanted to defile the purity and integrity of the German race. All they talked about was defeat and reconciliation. Had it not been for the Silentium, they would have been spreading their vermin here. A defeated Germany! The Reich had died, but the Fatherland still lived. It always lives. It does not die. . . . Father Theodosius nudged him and pointed to the last priest filing out the narrow door. "Take the cell next to Father Leonhard. There is not much there — just a pile of straw. I am sorry that we could not make you more comfortable, but that is all we have." Father Boniface bowed low and shuffled across the stone pavement.

The sun was already cheering the stone vaultings of the refectory as the Order of the Holy Redeemer of the Sandau Province sat down to begin the election. The Brother Porter passed scraps of paper and a few stubs of pencils. It did not

take Father Boniface long to scribble, "Deo volente, Theodosius Schaffner," on the slip. He was the best man, young, but still strong in the Order tradition.

He passed the folded slip to the porter and whispered a prayer to the Virgin, thanking her for having preserved a man like Father Theodosius from the ovens of the camp. He sat there quietly, thinking about how the Order would again prosper under Father Theodosius. Yes, *Gemuetlichkeit* throughout the country: the old Bavarian songs in the Wirtshaus again, and whole families in the churches. Yes, it would be wonderful in Bavaria.

"Attendite, Fratres!" Father Boniface strained to listen. It had been so long since he had heard the Latin.

"Attendite, Fratres!" Father Theodosius started again. "*Gratia Dei provincialem habemus.*" He paused a moment. "*Benedictum von Krapp.*"

Father Boniface felt cold sweat bristling on his gray temples. Benedikt had won. By one ballot Benedikt, der Verraeter, had won. He did not hear the new Provincial promising to abide by the Rule of the Order. He did not hear the *Te Deum*. Everything was blurred. He thought he saw Father Rheinhard march up and congratulate Father Benedikt. And Father Anton. And Father Augustin. They were all over there. They all seemed so happy. He sat there, alone. What was that pounding noise that shook his system? He

turned. Americans. American soldiers. Marching through the cloister and into the refectory, they hustled past him. They all had gloating sneers on their grimy faces. One turned to spit on him. He backed away. More soldiers marched through. They kept coming and coming and coming, hundreds of them. Then prisoners. Hundreds of prisoners. Old people, young people, peasants, merchants. All of them were hanging their heads. Some were crying. Others were praying. He kept backing away. They were shoving him against the wall. He tried to speak; his dry tongue rasped a few undiscernible syllables. "A-A-Anton, Rheinhard, h-help me," he groaned. Everything went black. He couldn't hear the soldiers any more. Just an echo of that pounding, pounding, pounding of the heavy boots . . .

He heard voices. It was Benedikt. "He is ill. He must not have been up to the trip here after just getting out of the camp. Take him to his cell." Two of the priests picked him up. They bore him gently to the cell and laid him down carefully on the dry straw. "He is exhausted from the long trip. Let him rest a while. We'll

check in on him later." Father Benedikt walked out of the door with his priests behind him.

It was midnight when he awoke. The sad moon was splattering a little glow on the rough stone wall. Everything was still. The soldiers had gone away. He was safe. Thump. Thump. Thump. Someone was knocking at his door. He could not find the strength to get up and answer. Thump. Thump. Thump. Louder this time. Bang! Bang! Bang! Whoever it was wanted in badly. "Open up! You are under arrest by the authority of the Occupation Forces." The Americans! They were back! Der Verraeter had handed him over. They wanted to kill him. They wanted to kill the Fatherland. He pulled his feverish frame up and worked his way along the wall to the window. He must escape. The Fatherland must not die. He pushed himself through the window and fell to the hard ground outside. Bang! Bang! Bang! They were going to get through his door any minute. He got to his feet and stumbled past the shrine of the crucifixion to the gate. It swung open with a deep groan. He ran out and started down the long, moonlit path.



TO BE LEFT ALONE, FORGOTTEN

by philip dreaver

Suddenly I was sailing through a blackness, as though I had been thrown free of the gravity which once held me where I had been. It was dream-like, a feeling of speed and lack of destination. It was a wild sensation of being thrown about. Most of all though, it was the black of total emptiness. Then it stopped as though it had never happened, and there was a calm, and there was a light with which I could look back and see . . .

* * *

In the kitchen, Mrs. Reid heard the shot and peered out a window over the sink to see the body of her son slowly slump in the seat of the Reid car, parked in the driveway. She didn't at first associate the shot with what she had seen . . . After the boy had been sent to the hospital in a neighbor's car, authorities, who investigated on the spot, were in agreement that the shot had been intentionally self-inflicted. A spokesman revealed that a note "had been placed on the seat of the car which was written in the boy's own hand, and . . ."

* * *

I think possibly we are all happier this way, and when time takes away the actual scene and brings what will result from that scene, you will know that I have done the right thing. I've tried to make you understand that I want to be alone sometimes, I don't want to be in or at the head of any group. I want my times to think; I need them. My room has no door and contains beds for two little brothers in addition to me. There is no place to hide in a small town, and no car to go elsewhere. And I don't want to hide. I just want to be left alone, forgotten. This is the only way.

* * *

" . . . to be left alone, forgotten. This is the only way.' "

"Thank you, Dr. Boylson. Now, is it correct that this is the note that was found near the boy on the seat of the car after the shooting?"

"No, this is the text of that letter. The actual note was given to the police for handwriting analysis and comparison."

"Okay. Uh, just one more question, Doctor. Were you the physician who pronounced the de-

cedent dead when he was brought to Jarman Memorial Hospital."

"Yes sir, I am."

"All right. Could you tell us the nature of the wound or wounds which caused death?"

"One shot had been fired into the head causing instantaneous death. The bullet had entered just below . . ."

* * *

"... I'm going to have to hang up in a minute, Bill. If you want me to, I'll come over. We could talk."

"Yeah, why don't you do that? Geeez, I just don't get it. He had everything. President of the Senior class, girls chasing him all over the place, brains, great family life . . . I just don't get it."

"He was a little odd though, Bill. You know that."

"All right, I wonder why he was odd."

"I'll be over after awhile. Bye."

"Bye."

* * *

"Oooh, I'll just have a cup of coffee, Chris. I'm not too hungry. Haven't been working hard enough I guess."

"Okay. Say, Jim, you heard any more about Bob Reid? I heard his mother is on the verge of a breakdown."

"Is that right? Ya know, I believe I would be too if my son shot himself. I guess that bullet really . . ."

* * *

"... and I'll be in charge of the flowers. I talked to Mrs. Wright

who is an officer in the Woman's Auxiliary chapter, and they can take care of the rest of the details. I think they even got a couple of the girls out at the high school to take care of the kids. Having four girls isn't too bad, but adding Scott and David to the group — they'll need two sitters. You know how boys that age are. And besides, they are . . ."

* * *

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Reid and Family,

I want to take this opportunity to offer my sincerest sympathy to you in an hour of grief. Bobby was a fine boy with many talents. All of his friends feel a sense of shock and they too will offer their condolences. This is a time when faith in God should come over and above trying to reason why. We are sorry, and are with you in this hour. Please feel free to call on us at anytime for anything.

Mrs. Maloney, a teacher

* * *

Robert died on Friday of bullet wounds. Survivors are: David C., 3; Scott, Jr., 8; and four girls, Mary Ann, Pamela, Jo Ann, and Carla, ages 6, 10, 12, and 18, respectively. Carla and Robert had been twins. Parents are Scott Reid, and Carla Williams Reid. Mr. Reid is presently employed by the pipeline. Robert was buried yesterday.

* * *

I just want to be left alone . . .

* * *

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Reid,

It is evident to all that you have survived the time of death

with strength. Time is going to pass and you will have to remember and still carry on. Remember your faith in God, and remember that the rectory is open should you need to be reminded of that faith. The children need for you to put your concentration on them once more. Bobby would want that. Remember, time will pass . . .

time will pass . . .

time will pass . . .

* * *

"Don't you understand, Carla? We can't let what happened years ago affect the life of someone who has to live now. Scott is safer with a gun if he knows how to use it."

"No! I don't even want a gun around the house. There are too many kids here. And if something were to ever happen again, I'd die too, Scott. I'd die too."

* * *

Time will pass . . .

* * *

"Hey, how did you ever talk your wife into letting you get a gun for Dave?"

"She just said 'O.K.' Can't figure out women, Father. You're in the right business. Say, I heard about that great golf score you . . ."

* * *

"Well, Chris, when did you say you were going to be in the mood for some hunting?"

"Keep drinking coffee and I'll be rich enough to take some time off!"

"Saw Scott Reid out with the boy yesterday. Kid's a pretty good shot."

"Yeah. Boy, Jim. Remember when Bobby shot himself a few years back?"

"Who?"

* * *

. . . forgotten.

* * *

. . . and there was a light with which I could look back and see if I was to be left alone, forgotten. Soon that light went out.

WEST SIDE

Man is the slum,
the true ghettoed whimper of sorrow.
He is the shakened, sooted building
that used time's bricks,
integrity's mortar
ambition's skills, not.
Not —
to build his castle, his
walls of fate, his house
where gods may dwell.

-- richard boesch

CLARK STREET CHICAGO

Stiff winds, like brooms, push down the street
And pass around glaring, ice-blue mercury lights
To catch an old newspaper page hiding along the curb;
Young boys flick cigarette butts with the wind,
In a strange contest of skill;
Old men in baggy, worn-out, gray-brown suits
With wide lapels drawn together by a dirty hand,
Edge along the buildings,
Looking for inviting neon signs in gaudy painted windows;
And young girls huddle in groups on a corner,
Waiting for their one bus every-hour-on-the-hour;
Chrome-shiney, many-eyed cars do not stop
Except at red-dotted corners, in fear of flashing blue lights
And siren sounds;
And I, sitting in my too cold room,
Too dark to see the cracks and chips in the walls
or the nauseating spots on the floor
Where others before had become sick and vomited,
Light a cigarette and hold the match until it burns my fingers.
My pocket sags with the added weight of my death
Which will be soon,
Before the cigarette-contest boys are home
And the old men are once again stumbling in the street.

-- patrick mc cann

TEILHARD DE CHARDIN AND EVOLUTION

PART I -- TEILHARD'S BASIC THEORIES

Pierre Teilhard de Chardin is a difficult person to evaluate. Reaction to him and his thought ranges from an almost fantastic adoration to bombastic, vicious criticism. Thus we find reviews like the following, though we must allow for the fact that it comes from the *National Review*:

In Teilhard de Chardin, and the sudden rage for him, we see re-enacted one of the saddest delusions of history: the delusion that if one accepts all the fashions and quirks and catchwords of one's day and strives to insert abiding principles into this trivial kaleidoscope of intellectual fads, one somehow brings truth into the market place . . . An old story, as old as the Docetists with their acceptably unincarnated

Christ . . . A new story too, as new as the beatnik minister in California who calls Christ "Daddy-O", new as Norman Vincent Peale's hygienic platitudes . . . it's syrup and to hell with it.¹

And the concluding portion of this same review:

From the messy world of human conflict, love, hate, we are asked to return to the simple ideal of a Disney nature-short: admire God in the wonders of nature, where we live "among myriads of stars, without, alas, being aware of their immensity." The answer to all our problems is to consider "the industry of the bees as they make honey from the juice scattered in many flowers." This Pollyana (Teilhard) in rapture over pollen, trying to jack up our awe for the stars by measuring them, has no awe for the majestic

¹. *National Review*, Dec. 3, 1960, pp. 11.

struggle of man . . . It is a tawdry substitute he brings — cold schemes, scientific laboratories, a sexless love of stars and flowers.²

We quote at length from this review, sprinkled with false accusations and out of context quotations, in order to make it clear that Teilhard is not exactly surrounded by admirers. The particular objection mirrored in the articles from the *National Review* is plainly brought out — Teilhard, it is claimed, has no contact at all with reality.

by
david roche

Yet another criticism to which the thought of Chardin has been subjected is summarized in the following excerpt:

In spite of widespread nonprofessional enthusiasm for the *Phenomenon's* novel attempt to give evolution a spiritualistic and teleological interpretation, professional philosophers call it bad philosophy, professional theologians call it bad theology, professional poets call it bad poetry, professional scientists call it bad (mystical, which is worse) science, and whatever its rhetorical advantage, professional dialecticians call it impossible dialogue.³

A third criticism is this, that Chardin is pan-psychistic, but we will consider this later in the paper. At any rate, we know that the thought of Teilhard de Chardin has affected the various worlds of science, philosophy, and theology, and that his influence, whether negative or positive, is growing every day. This has been so since his death in 1955. Prior to then, the Jesuit order, of which he was a member, forbade him to publish any of his controversial writings.

Let us try to sum up, then, his revolutionary thought. Teilhard's most important book was *The Phenomenon of Man*. In it he formulated most of his basic theories about the universe. The *Phenomenon* can perhaps be called cosmology, or rather more accurately, a Christian cosmology. In it he synthesizes theology, philosophy of a mystical type, poetry of a sort, and science, especially biology and paleontology. In this last field he was a recognized expert. A synthesis of this sort is almost impossible to achieve in one volume; thus he leaves himself open to the criticism emphasized in the aforementioned *Dominican* review. Teilhard himself has this to say in the first pages of the *Phenomenon*: "The book I am offering here needs to be read not as a work of metaphysics, still less as a sort of theological essay, but only and exclusively as a scientific memoir." So he tries to guard against "materialistic" criticism. Unfortunately, he does not completely succeed, because as has been noted, it is a

². *Ibid.*

³. *Dominican*, (Fall, 1960) .

vain effort to try to synthesize almost all of human knowledge in a hundred-odd pages. But on the other hand, his primary work has covered all fields sufficiently well, so that prominent thinkers in all fields and atheistic ones at that, have praised his ideas. These include men like Sir Julian Huxley and Arnold Toynbee. To some extent, he has at least laid the groundwork for the complete synthesis of all human thought which he so ardently hopes for in his writings.

One more point before we move into a description of his thought proper; which is this, that it is undeniable that Chardin is not, strictly speaking, an original thinker. His ideas on evolution, even some of the most far-reaching ones, were greatly influenced by Henri Bergson's *Creative Evolution*. For that matter, the idea of evolution in philosophy appeared as early as the fifth century B.C., with the *nous* of Anaxagoras and Heraclitus' laws of a changing universe. The idea of a complete synthesis of all truth has appealed to many men, especially to those of the Middle Ages. The most outstanding example here would be, of course, St. Thomas Aquinas. But we know that today science has become many times more sophisticated and exacting in its methods than in the Middle Ages. So Teilhard's chief value lies in the fact that, although he has a definite Christian prejudice; he is, nevertheless, not only a creditable, but also a renowned scientist. His phi-

losophy is another matter, for as has been remarked above, it is sometimes of a rather visionary or mystical character. Some theologians say that Teilhard pollutes his thought when he tries to point out the compatibility of the Christian cyclical theory of life and evolution. But all in all, it seems safe to ignore these "faults" in his thought, and accept it as he himself asks us to: as being not a metaphysics, purely philosophical, but as a hyper-physics, not meant to offer all the answers, but rather to give a possible framework into which answers may be filled in later, and which is meant mainly to provide "food for thought."

Teilhard presupposes evolution as a fact throughout the *Phenomenon of Man*, though at times he calls upon his scientific experience to give corroboration to what still must be called a theory. His work is eminently Christian, but he sees creation not as taking place at a point in time, so to speak, but as being a continuous effort on the part of God, Who sustains constantly in existence that which He has created, or rather, that which He is creating. Evolution begins, appropriately enough, at the Alpha point. At this point every quality and characteristic present in the universe today was somehow innate in what God initially created. This raises a serious problem which Chardin does not seem to solve fully. It is this: what about human consciousness, or what we might call the soul? Was mind somehow present in the first things created?

Teilhard says that it must be, but he is not very clear in his explanation of how consciousness is initially present in the universe. Yet he says that something cannot evolve from nothing. At the same time he does not feel impelled to call on God to intervene in the creative process and inject consciousness, or even life itself, for that matter. It might be possible to conceive of the gradual emergence of consciousness from life, or of the soul from consciousness, but Teilhard will hold that consciousness and life were somehow present from the very beginning, from the Alpha point.

But let us posit this innate pan-psychism, so ambiguously expressed by Chardin. If we accept this, then it is easy to see that the whole universe is possessed of finality; that is, the universe is of itself directed upward toward God. This finality or purposefulness expresses itself in the gradual growth of inwardness. Again we have a problem. We can see how life gradually becomes more complex and "inward," but what about the gradual entropization of the universe expressed in Carnot's second law? We can also see that the world about us is gradually wearing down, gradually dissipating itself in many ways. How are these two tendencies to be reconciled? Teilhard tried to explain this in his formulation of the law of "Complexity-Consciousness." The process of entropy would obviously lead the universe nowhere; it would be evolution only in a com-

pletely negative sense, evolution towards nothingness. So Teilhard pointed out that there are two forms of energy, one of which is called tangential energy; and the second radial. Tangential energy is physical or chemical. Slowly but surely it is being turned into heat and lost to us. The sun, which is the storehouse of this energy, has been estimated by scientists to have enough of this energy to last perhaps another 15 or 16 billion years. So it seems that when the sun goes, so will the universe. The complexity of creation and life increases on the outside. Thus we move from the simplest and smallest forms of creation atoms and molecules, to the simplest forms of life, for example the amoeba. These live forms increase in external complexity until they have reached the form of man, the most complex of creatures. It appears that even man can increase in physical complexity. So Teilhard brings forth another form of energy — radial energy. This is an internal form of energy which drives all forms of life, and even presumably non-life, to greater heights of complexity and consciousness. This radial energy is inexhaustible, and will work along with matter until the latter fails and is dissipated. Then it continues in man in the further process of human evolution. This radial energy is that which seems to give all creation its purposefulness. The universe was initially created by God as a variety of simple things. But within these things was this tendency to move togeth-

er and increase in consciousness. Along with this growth in complexity and consciousness came a growth in inwardness. As things united they became even more desirous of union with all other things. Thus even though matter expends itself, there is another unifying principle. And now, says Chardin, we are coming ever closer to the Omega point, the point of pure consciousness and union with the Triune God. This is so because of the existence of the noosphere, which has the following effect: as the knowledge and complexity of man increases it redoubles itself constantly. Thus radial energy is the opposite of tangential energy; it results in hyper-life; thought is constantly being synthesized, and moves toward a pinnacle. So a perfect system will result, one which is of course God-centered. One can easily sense the effects which thought of this sort must have on the life of men. For instance, Chardin seems to call for collectivism in society, for if one accepts this theory and the resulting radical interdependence of men, a collective society may be the result. We will see in the second part of this essay some of the other ramifications of this theory.

PART 2 -- PHILOSOPHICAL AND ETHICAL ASPECTS

In the introduction to his *Divine Milieu*, Father de Chardin notes his book was written for the waverer, the one who cannot seem to combine Christianity and a religion of humanity, who cannot combine Christian ascetism and detachment with a true intuition into being and a deep and abiding love for the universe. His philosophy is essentially an all-encompassing attempt to do so. But it seems to me that even a waverer would have to be pretty much of a Christian to appreciate de Chardin; indeed, he would have to be as intellectually honest and "pure" as de Chardin himself appears to be. The one for whom Chardin writes has already come to the brink of perfection; it is assumed that on the natural level he has purified himself almost completely. Teilhard seeks to overwhelm this reader with Christ, to translate Christianity into something that is able to embrace the world which all of us find so easy to become absorbed in. The seeker of truth must first be true to himself before he can find Christ as he wants him, as permeating the earth and universe. Teilhard tries to sweep the soul into this eminently Christ-centered world. He seems to have been heavily under the influence of Franciscan thought. It is well known how much emphasis the medieval and all Franciscans, especially Duns Scotus, put on the Incarnation,

even to the extent of holding that the Word would have become flesh even if original sin had not occurred. Teilhard thinks in a similar way; like the poet Gerard Manley Hopkins, he sees the universe as being steeped in Christ and eternally sanctified by His becoming man. But Hopkins' emphasis on individuality is not present, for Christ is viewed as truly drawing all things toward Himself in a gradual but all-encompassing evolutionary process. First, however, he teaches the individual how to see Christ penetrating the universe. This is brought out in the *Divine Milieu*.

Let us assume, then, that Teilhard has followed the path of evolution up to the present state of man in the universe. How is man to perfect himself while remaining tied to the universe? What is this *divine milieu* which man is to enter, and how is he to do so? In short, just how is the process of evolution to be continued in this God-centered universe? If we can show de Chardin's answers to these question basic to his philosophy, then we can find the key to his *Weltanschauung*.

One of the first concepts which de Chardin finds fault with is that, for example, of the spiritual director who tries to divorce the spiritual life of the Christian from his station in everyday life; for it then becomes hard to follow the Church's command to sanctify these natural duties. True sanctity can be found in the world. But, he asks, how can anyone who believes in Christ possibly find any worth

in any other seemingly inferior fields of activity? Is it so that man cannot serve God and mammon together at all? Teilhard puts forth and rejects immediately the idea that it is enough to have a pure intention in acting, to try to conform always to the vague "will of God." He has a fuller solution in mind, one which will sanctify not only the intentions, but also the very body of man. He views the universe as being a sort of pyramid, with each soul existing with its body, for God. In turn all sensible reality exists for our souls. So, he says, all things point ultimately toward God. Again, it is by virtue of the Incarnation of Jesus Christ that our souls exist for Him, not as "owned" by Him, but in a mystical union, a more beautiful concept of the Mystical Body to which all of created reality has been added and in which it actively participates. Teilhard remarks often on the fact that he can see the whole history of the world reflected in each human through matter. Here he finds the "roots of our being"; he sees the spirituality of man being eternally nourished by the material energy of the world. "The body cannot be nourished independently of the soul." As each body is a summing up of the universe in some way, the task of man is to aid in the evolution of the universe, to help gather it up, channel it and send it, material and physical, back to God. Man must help form his individual soul and perfect it by drawing from the power of the universe, for God does

not want soul alone. So everything working together in the continual progress toward the Omega point forms a single whole, united in action and intention towards God. All of our actions contribute to perfect this whole, the Mystical Body of Christ. So God is attainable in our actions here on earth, and in a way more full than was previously imagined. The smallest of actions is an intimate part of this gigantic and one-minded creative effort, and God is always present to sanctify this concerted evolutionary action.

So the world and God are joined, not in a type of pantheism which Father de Chardin has been accused of, but in a mysterious and wonderful way. No more can anyone say that the true Christian is the one who is somehow detached from the cares and duties of this world, for it is seen that the true follower of Christ will cooperate with God in bringing the universe to fruition in the Omega point through his actions and sanctification of himself and the universe about him.

Father de Chardin's philosophy is beginning to unfold. God is present in the world as a goal to be achieved necessarily through it, while remaining an ever-present deity which must be adored simultaneously with action. So pantheism is again avoided.

Though Teilhard realizes that action is the primary factor in the makeup of a human being, he also deems it important to ask, "What does man have that he has not ac-

cepted from somewhere else?" He sees that man is also essentially passive, receiving even his very being from an outside source. He is concerned with the tremendous amount of powerful forces which the meditative man will find in the universe, and which seem so all-encompassing as to overwhelm tiny man. This consciousness can ultimately lead to a desire to merely let oneself be swallowed up. Yet he urges one to realize the fact that these forces can be helpful, especially if one sees that there has to be an infinite number of "cross-occurring" forces just to keep anything alive, to bring it into existence and help it to succeed in any way. So these powers active upon us are only there to spur on our action for God.

Then Father de Chardin comes to those forces which he calls the passivities of diminishment. This is simply evil, a huge problem for many waverers who find it impossible to see the workings of a loving God in, say, a natural disaster. The *outward* passivities of diminishment are not of much concern to Teilhard, for in time one can always imagine the recovery of a physical loss, no matter how serious. The passivities of diminishment which spring from within oneself are a different matter. These may be physical shortcomings, lack of intelligence, or whatever, but present from birth and inherent in one, they cripple a person's life in some way and are "the true source of despair." And omnipresent death is looming above

man, ready to climax a life already fraught with trouble. The ordinary person cannot but see death as the greatest evil, the greatest internal passivity of diminishment of all. And though the mind can in some sense readjust itself to these evils, nevertheless it desires some sort of justification for the suffering which it must endure, and a firm basis for man's ever-recurring hope.

Man, of course, must keep up a constant struggle on his own and not just submit to disasters as the will of God "commands" it. Then all this evil can ultimately be turned into good. Chardin sees three ways in which this can be done. Evil can appear to direct a person away from an object harmful to him. Again, it can even lead souls away from the material world and into the glory of sainthood. And finally, evil is seen as somehow constantly chipping away at the egoism of the human person, endeavoring always to extract the selfishness from the self. Thus events which we loath can be seen as necessary and good factors leading to a more effective union with Christ. Death, the greatest of evils, is translated into something to be looked forward to with longing. It becomes the ultimate good whereby Christ hollows us out, so to speak, to make room for the final union with Himself.

In view of all this, Father Chardin concludes that the true Christian can indeed resign himself to evil as the will of God, and indeed he should do so, but he warns that the true function of the

Christian is to act, as he mentioned before. It is only when all of a man's strength is spent, when all the passivities of diminishment have combined to truly overwhelm him, that he can not "give up," but rather give *over* his soul and self to God. Teilhard has found a more perfect method of resignation, not to the world as being somehow inferior, not to the forces of evil, but an ultimate resignation to God alone in the act of death. So he destroys the objections of those who would maintain that no true Christian should be essentially concerned with the things of this world. The world about us must only be renounced when it contributes to the building up of a selfish egoism in ourselves. But there is nothing essentially wrong with nature. In this way Father de Chardin combines the two basic functions of the human being which had seemed somehow irreconcilable. These of course are activity and passivity, and he has united them in a common effort in search of a common goal, which is the final and full Christification of mankind. He speaks of mankind as being engaged in one large effort to contribute to the maturing of the world in a holy and unifying operation, first as individuals, and then together in an attempt to "subject a little more matter to spirit." Teilhard realizes, however, that no person can be expected to combine action and passivity perfectly. Some, of course, will have to emphasize one to the relative detriment of the other. Neverthe-

less, he feels that this is the best general explanation and solution of the problem of evil as related to Christian endeavour in this world.

He relates this more specifically to Christian "detachment" in writing of the Cross. Too often, he remarks, is the Cross treated as a solemn example of perfect separation from the world. This, he says, is an inhuman concept, whereas the Cross represents not something inhuman but superhuman. It does indeed mean in a sense that man must go beyond the sensible world, but not as many false ascetics would do. "The Christian is not asked to swoon in the shadow, but climb in the light of the Cross." Christ Crucified represents "creation, as, sustained by God, it reascends the slopes of being, sometimes clinging to things for support, sometimes tearing itself from them in order to transcend them, and always compensating, by physical suffering, for the setbacks caused by its moral downfalls." In this way Father de Chardin relates the true vision of Jesus on the Cross to the most perfect order of Christian life.

Father Teilhard uses the expression, "to subject a little more matter to spirit," in his *Divine Milieu*. Yet he sees matter as also having a twofold function in the life of the Christian. He sees matter as not some abstract, meaningless entity, but as a highly familiar, common and tangible setting in which man lives. On one hand it is a threat to our lives. "It weighs us down, suffers, wounds, tempts, and

grows old." But recall that he also calls matter a necessary force in our spiritual nourishment. "To be deprived of it is intolerable." The ascetic is interested in matter only as something to be avoided, for his prime mission in life is to flee from matter. But matter is a sphinx to Teilhard, a sphinx which can and must be so contemplated without succumbing to its spell. He compares man to a deep sea diver surrounded by water, as human beings are inevitably surrounded by matter in their environment. As the diver attempts to swim back to the surface of the sea, the water is his medium for doing so. It is that from which he is trying to escape, but at the same time, the ever-present water buoys him up and sends him upward. He makes good use of it to ultimately escape from its forces. Man is to use matter in this way in his fight to transcend his mortal environment. As he struggles to approach the light of Christ, the matter as he uses it becomes ever lighter, as it reveals, more and more steadily, Christ Himself. The traveller in this world must use his surroundings, which are entirely natural to him, as points of leverage. But because matter is a slope to be climbed, one can easily go down it as up. As a result of the fall of Adam and Eve, it represents a tendency toward failure in this regard. But also of its nature, and as a result of the Word's becoming Flesh, "it contains the spur or allurements to be our accomplices towards heightened being, and this counterbalances

and even dominates the *fomes peccati*." Each of us has been placed on a specific point on the earth, in "holy matter," and in a specific point in time, from which we must seek God by passing through and finally transcending in a personal evolution, a certain series of created things. The matter which we have already passed through is that which should be looked on as being essentially material and carnal, but that which lies ahead of us in our struggle is the zone of matter which must be viewed and taken in the spiritual sense. There can be no truly objective viewpoint in regard to matter and its worth, for what may have already been transcended by another may still lie in wait for me. Thus it is that no one is allowed to condemn matter as a whole. No one should return to a state in the path to God which he has already left, while at the same time no person has the right to withdraw from the world before he has earned the right to do so. For, "without certain possessions and victories, no man exists as God wishes him to be." In sum, our individual path through matter can be seen as being an obstacle to finding God, but it is rightfully seen as linking us to Him. "Matter, which at first seemed to counsel us towards the maximum pleasure and the minimum effort emerges as the principle of minimum pleasure and maximum effort." And no part of matter, no matter how un-consequential or lowly it may seem to be, it without a certain quantity of spiritual power.

Matter is being changed into spirit in that Teilhard sees all matter having a general drift toward spirit. As noted before, in each individual life there is a constant progression upward from carnal matter to spiritual matter. Father Teilhard compares the process to that of a tree which uses the minerals and chemicals drawn from the soil by its lowest roots to make its life-blood of sap. And as humanity becomes Christianized, it loses its need for material nourishment. The term of this movement to spirit is found in the day when "the whole divinisable substance of matter will have passed into the souls of men; all the chosen dynamisms will have been recuperated: and then our world will be ready for the *Parousia*." To say the least, this is a somewhat staggering projection of evolutionary and Christian thought into the future. It seems very difficult to apply this to the incidents and people encountered in the normal human being's daily life, but apparently this is what Father de Chardin intends to do. It is a hard idea to accept intellectually, that of an ultimate Omega point, but it is a beautiful one.

So we have gained a somewhat clearer idea of what constitutes the *Divine Milieu* as such: the true and ever-present divinisation of man's milieu, of all of his surroundings. It combines the concrete and what seems to be the un-graspably abstract; the tangible is combined with what can only be ultimately touched after a long and fierce struggle through that same

universe. "Through it, the touch of matter is a purification, and chastity flowers as the sublimation of love." The cause of all these amazing reconciliations of seeming opposites may be found in the fact that God is the ultimate point on which all these realities converge. All of the diverse elements in the world exist as forming a cone, at the top of which is Christ, upon whom all other beings depend for their very existence. Because He is at the center of all being, he fills the whole universe. Spirit is even more omnipresent than matter, and the very structure of all being points it, and we who use it, up towards God, who as the center causes the essential unity of all things in him. So it is that man who lets himself be taken up in the *divine milieu* will be propelled to God.

Does his system reveal itself as quasi-panteism? It seems otherwise, for in contrast to the final emptiness of individuals in a structure of panteism, his view allows the individual to develop himself, to remain himself, even in striving to be united with Christ. This is no monism.

Returning once again to Christ and concreteness, Teilhard writes that it is only because of the presence of Christ as an historical person that his Christo-centered philosophy can make any sense at all. Otherwise his system would in truth degenerate into a fuzzy-minded panteism. St. Paul's mystical Christ makes sense only as an expansion of the real God-man.

Christ at the center of the world encourages man not to adhere to the world as would a pagan, but rather to pre-adhere to Him. The Christian sees all things as projected along a common axis, which is Christ.

De Chardin sees Christ as permeating the universe so much that He is willing to permit himself to be assimilated, not only into manhood by virtue of the Incarnation, but even more into man through the Holy Eucharist, and even to allow Himself through the processes of continuity, into matter inferior to man.

It is to be admitted that not every man is able to see so much of Christ in things. To gain some sight of the divine milieu one must, of course, be predisposed to having a certain intuition into and a deep care for being as a whole. We can see the influence of Henri Bergson in this phase of Chardin's thought. This taste for being is a gift. The one who would truly absorb himself in the divine milieu has to be, first of all, intellectually pure and honest. This is related to the perfection on the natural level which was spoken of in the beginning of this paper. He must have faith in his own powers and fortitude to continue in a difficult battle. And the final and perhaps most important virtue to be cultivated by the true Christian is charity for all being, especially one's fellow man. It is impossible to love Christ without loving man, and again, it is only when all men work together

that they can achieve their final mystical union with Christ.

So we have considered Teilhard de Chardin's general theory of evolution and its ramifications for society. Though we have seen that there may be flaws in his ideas, nevertheless they are basically plausible. His thought is al-

ways just beyond and above one, and is like a gentle hand which pulls one up, encouraging the fulfillment of his own vision. Teilhard's thought appears definitely applicable to the world of today, but his true value as a thinker will not be realized until far in the future.



THE FLOWERING

O Church, you were delivered from the joyous pain
Of the catacomb's bloody womb, into an arid childhood.
Your adolescence passed in unholy wars, but no reign
Could ruin Peter's treasure. In youth, you stood
Tremulous from reforms and the schismatic faction,
Walled within a milieu stagnant with boredom.
Then John smelled the staleness and took swift action
Against routine's anoxia, with his "open window" axiom.

Stand then, O indestructible rock, ripe with fruition;
Mature in your prime, walk new paths, assured and strong.
Confer, eyes fixed on truth, not musty tradition;
No favorite have, speak out on right and wrong.
Let your great heart draw men with Faith's sure beam;
Lead us in fulfilling the aged Pope's brave dream.

-- sister mary kevin, l.c.m.

THE SILENT USHER

The wind, blowing gently from the southeast, rustled the lazy palms that bordered the white strip of beach. Offshore, the swells were gathering for their daily trip inland. Gulls, lulling in the caressing warmth of the departing sun, wandered in lofty circles overhead, awaiting the yet-distant thunderhead to race landward and cover the atoll with its liquid breath. And amid this pleasant seascape, a young soldier quietly awaited his last visitor — awaited the bitter-sweet kiss of the Angel Death.

The boy lay on his back in the sand, stretched out to his full six foot length. He clutched in his right hand a wallet-sized picture of a pretty girl, his wife. There was no left hand, no wrist, no anything up to the elbow joint. At that point there hung some flabby red strips of muscle and frayed skin, centered around a shattered bone. A stream of blood trickled from the corner of his half open lips and was collecting in a pool at his side. He stared dully through red, swollen eyes at the skies rolling slowly in great lopsided circles above him.

Shreds of his uniform lay about him, scattered there by the

explosion of the grenade. There emitted a soft, wheezing sound from the midsection of what had once been a rather muscular torso. In the place of his abdomen there now gaped a yawning cavity, ragged at the edges. A section of intestine, slashed apart by a fragment of razor-sharp steel, hung out over his pants. In that pit in his belly there lay everything: ribs, liver, lungs, kidneys and parts of the intestine; everything that

by

harry sonderman

should have been elsewhere, working in normal order if it hadn't been for that grenade, for the hours of crying, for the telegram, for the memory of a dead wife.

The wind was now whipping in from the sea, driving the rain clouds before it. The storm would soon be upon him. He groaned loudly, lay still, and listened. Listened to the torn lung hiss softly, as the life in him stealthily crept out. Listened to the wind whistling in

the palms, whistling through his hair.

The first drop fell, then the second, then with a crashing, trembling roar the heavens opened. At first there was searing pain, welling up higher and higher within him as the water pounded viciously into the cavity of burnt flesh. Suddenly he felt clean. A smile

played upon his lips as he sensed the free-floating sensation possessing him. A gurgle arose in his throat which he could not suppress. He screamed. The gurgle rose and rose and finally burst, like a dam before a flash flood's raging waters. The scene lay quiet then, except for the pounding rain which lifted up the victim's blood and gently bore it to the sea.

THE GHOST

It is four o'clock in the afternoon.
The sky is grey;
Not dark, not light, not beautiful,
But empty, meaningless grey.
It is raining;
Pure crystalline drops that spoil the snow,
For now it is also grey and a-melting.
And over all hangs a pall of whispering grey fog.
Who are you?
Where are you going?
What are you doing here?

I feel bored, though there is much to do;
Important, necessary things which I cannot accomplish.
I feel hate, yet there is nothing to hate.
I feel sorrow, but I have no reason for it.
I feel love, but have no way of expressing it.
Life, Death; a senseless passage,
Often questioned, seldom understood.
Here I was;
Here I am;
Here I will be.
A sleepwalker in an idiot world.

-- raymond braun

ONE GREEN -- ONE YELLOW

PART I — Conception

"Come on in, you damn phoney. The door's open."

I opened the screen door and went into the TV room. It used to be Jerry Cassidy's room before he went to Denver, but now Mrs. Cassidy used it as a sewing and TV room. I could hear the bathroom water running, so I sat down.

"Hey, George 'Case' Cassidy," I yelled, "how the hell are you?"

His mother wasn't home yet.

"Doug, come on in here, will ya?"

I walked through the kitchen to the bathroom and found George standing in front of the washbowl looking at his face in the steamed-up mirror. He had a towel wrapped around his waist and a pair of gym shoes on his feet.

"Haven't you thrown those things out yet?" I asked, looking at the shoes.

"Hell no! What do you think I am, some kind of irreverent bum?"

I remembered when I had given them to him two years before on his birthday — September 10 was also our first day at college, so I dyed one green and the other yellow, the school's colors.

He stopped rubbing the skin on his chin and jaw and wiped the left-over shaving cream off his face.

"I wanna be buried in these," he said, picking one foot up after the other to show me what good condition they were in.

They weren't really. He had long ago worn holes in all the usual places, and the tongue from one was ripped off. But the other shoe was still intact except for the fuzzy, ragged holes.

"Besides, these are my thinking shoes, and any philosopher worth his essence has to have thinking shoes."

"Are you still patting yourself on the back for that 'A' in metaphysics?"

He ignored me.

"You know what, Doug, my beloved phoney . . .?"

"I'm not a phoney!"

"All right. My beloved Romantic?"

"I'm not a Romantic either. As a matter of fact, I hate Wordsworth. You know, I bet he was queer. I mean, who else could get all worked up about birds and flowers and butterflies? 'O Cuckoo! shall I call thee bird, . . .?' If I

had been that damn bird, I would have answered, 'O Willie! shall I call thee full of bullshit?' "

And Case, undaunted by my minor tirade: "Anyhow, you know what I'm going to do next year, huh?"

"No, what?"

"Well, guess, Doug. Guess. Guess. Guess."

"I can't, Case. Tell. Tell. Tell."

"Okay, you're the first to know. I'm going to wear a sheet and a crown of laurel leaves, and I'm going to carry a broom stick, without the broom of course. Like a staff, see. And do you know what else? I'm going to wear these gym shoes. And I'm going to wander over the campus crying, 'Show me a straight-A student!'"

"And just what are you planning to do when one does show up?"

"I'm going to hit him in the briefcase with my staff; they all carry briefcases, you know. And then, when his myopic eyes finally see me, I'm going to call him a big, fat phoney. And he'll go off with his head cocked to one side, tugging on his chin and wondering how he was found out."

"Oh, please continue," I cried in the best dramatic tradition! "I'm down on bended knee."

"There isn't any more," he said very calmly. "And get up off your knee. You'll wear a hole in the rug."

He switched off the light and walked into his bedroom. I followed.

"So, what'll that prove?" I said as Case started searching through his drawer for something.

"It'll prove, finally and irrevocably, that these old gym shoes which you want me to throw out, are better than any damn briefcase some half-blind A-student carried around."

Neither of us said a thing for at least two minutes. George found whatever he was looking for, deodorant, I think, and started dressing. I just sat there on the bed. I think my mouth was open, because I remember Case's saying, "Close your mouth."

"You know what, Case Cassidy, you're an ass."

"Only in part, Literatus-in-whom-I-am-well-pleased."

I looked at the floor and sneered.

By this time, he was combing his hair, so I went into the living room. I hate to watch another person comb his hair. It makes me feel that I'm making him feel self-conscious.

by
patrick mc cann

I had just finished the Letters-to-the-Editor in some back-issue of *Time* when he walked into the room. He had an "unbled" Madras jacket on which made me think of Ernest Hemingway. Hemingway would never have worn a red,

green, and white plaid jacket — not even a “bloody” Madras.

“Ready, Doug?”

“Of course I’m ready. I came to pi . . .”

Just then I noticed the gym shoes he still had on.

“You realize, Case, my friend, that I absolutely refuse to go to the party with you in your present condition. That is, unless I can introduce you as my ‘simply divine friend, Oscar Wilde.’ I say there, Oscar, you haven’t been imbibing, have you?”

I dropped my Mid-West British accent.

“Are you drunk, Case?”

“Of course I’m drunk.” The grin left his face. “I’m drunk with life. I’m drunk with love. I’m drunk with knowledge. I’ll never be sober again, and I’m happy. You want to be drunkenly happy, Doug?”

I didn’t know what to answer, as we walked down his front sidewalk toward my car.

“Listen, Doug. Do you really want to go over to Mary Beth’s party? I’m so drunk, I don’t think I could stomach that crowd of hers. That bunch of innocuous, meaningless, Ivy-league slobs and snobs! Let’s go over to Ollie’s and drink coffee, okay?”

“Are you serious, Case? I mean, if you’re really serious, I’ll go over there. You know that. I’m your friend, Case!”

PART II — The Spasm

Ollie’s Place is in the basement of an old Brooklyn-type two-

flat. During Prohibition it was a speakeasy, and an Italian restaurant after that. When I was just starting high school, it was a smoky, jazz-filled, pseudo opium den, a hangout for the oddballs who went to the University downtown. When the university moved, so did the beatniks and other rebels against society. Now, just about anybody could go there and not feel out of place.

I parked the car about four houses down, and we went in. Neither of us had said anything since we had left. I followed Case to a table in the far corner.

“Let’s sit down,” he said, starting to pull out a chair. Case didn’t seem to notice that this was the only dirty table in the whole place, so I didn’t either. I looked around for Angie, the waitress. She was busy over on the other side of the room serving cokes to a couple of guys who were about sixteen. They were both dressed in tweed jackets and both wore glasses. I noticed that they both had briefcases sitting on the floor next to their chairs, and I was glad Case hadn’t seen them. They were probably on their way home from Cathedral High School, a block away. They paid Angie when she brought the drinks so they evidently weren’t planning to stay very long. I was glad again. Less chance of Case seeing them. Angie saw me watching and waved hello. I smiled back.

Case had poured some salt on the table and was running his finger through it making little designs

like the ones you see in first grade finger paintings.

When Angie was finished, she came over to our table.

"Man, you guys always gotta pick a dirty table." And seeing Case's salt drawings, "Dammit, Casey, you gotta dirty it more?"

He didn't look up, and Angie looked at me with a puzzled expression and hands raised half-way up, about as high as her shoulders.

"Whatsa matter wit your friend, Doug? Cat got his tongue?"

"I think so, Angie. Bring us a couple coffees, will ya? He says he's drunk, so I guess I have to sober him up."

Angie looked at me in a funny sort of way, and I smiled.

I looked across the table at Case who was now looking up at us.

"Thanks a hell of a lot, Doug."

His voice sounded all knotted up — not at all like his normal voice, and I could hardly understand him. A dusty beam of light through a dirty, barred window reflected off his face, and his eyes were all red and glistening. He was staring right through me, probably not even conscious that his fingers were tearing little pieces out of a paper napkin.

"Are you all right, Case?"

"Huh?"

"I said, are you okay? What's the matter? Did you wear another hole in your gym shoes?"

He smiled at me and looked around for Angie.

Just then she came through the kitchen door with our coffee

and set the tray down on the table next to ours.

"Hey, Irish! You talk yet?" she asked while she wiped Case's salt onto the floor.

Case nodded.

"Dat's my boy," and she patted him on the head.

She set the cups in front of us and then sat down beside Case. There was nobody else in the place now. The two briefcase-carrying twins had gone unnoticed.

"I guess you guys is outa school now, huh?"

I told her that we got home two days before.

Angie went on talking about how her nephew, "Teeador," was going to graduate from high school in two weeks. She told us how proud the family was, and how he was going to get a Westinghouse scholarship to M.I.T.

During all this time, I had been watching Case. He didn't seem to be listening as he sat looking out into nowhere again. But when she mentioned that Theodore was going to study engineering, Case looked at her, his eyes growing more wild looking.

"Don't let him do it, Angie, don't! He'll die! He won't survive! They'll kill him!"

Case was waving his arms all over. Then he stood up with his hands resting on the table.

"They'll kill him, just like they tried to kill me! They've already killed Doug. Look at him."

Angie looked at me, and I looked at Case.

"Case, Doug ain't dead. Look at him yourself."

"I don't have to; I know he's dead. Oh, not physically dead, I know that. But the better part of him is. Angie, you don't know it but Doug used to be able to write. He used to be able to think and say something after he had thought."

"Doug, do you remember that thing you wrote in our freshman year about Dylan Thomas? Do you remember how you sat looking out our window? It was one of those dull, grey Saturday mornings in November, and you sat there for almost an hour, just staring. And then you started writing, 'To Dylan Thomas While Still A Young Dog.' Do you know it's the only poem I've ever memorized? Do you remember it, Doug?"

"Not really," I said sarcastically.

"Then listen to what you wrote almost two years ago:

'Who do you wish was with
you,
When you walk in the moon-
bright night?
When you wonder where heav-
en is,
Wonder where you are,
Wonder why birds can fly,
When you crush a leaf all
hoary and dry
In the first grey hour of day,
When you see a tree standing
alone
When the last of its life is past,
When you feel the robes of
angels
In the first pre-winter snow,
Smell the breath of nature's
life

In the mid-wife rains of spring,
Or know the bittersweet taste
of death, then —
Who do you wish was with
you?"

I don't know whether it's good poetry. Maybe it's not. And even if it isn't good, you achieved your purpose. You communicated. It meant something to me and probably to other people who might have read it too. You don't write now, not from your mind. All you produce are cute little essays, little pedantic pieces of crap to feed your teachers. Mental pabulum, that's all you know, Doug. Do you realize you haven't said one worthwhile thing for three months now? I've been waiting, hoping you would recover, Doug. But you haven't. Your mind, your whole being is stagnant. You've reached a dead-end and all you can do is go around in circles until someone else opens a new road for you. I don't think you could open your own road anymore, Doug. I really don't. You're not a human being anymore. You're like a robot or some damn computer, without emotions, without a mind. Some teacher tells you to trace Plato in Lord Byron, and you do. And it's probably a good job. But you're not any farther ahead than when you started. Everything you write is out of books, Doug, and it's all been written before. And the way you are, what you are, is all out of books. And you're going to live it — just as it's been written. Doug, live what hasn't been written. Don't be a goddam scholar!"

Then he sat down.

"How many books do you own, Doug?"

"I don't know, Case."

"See, you're just a machine. You're not even mad at me for what I said. You don't even care."

Case picked up his cup of coffee, or what was left of it, and held it over my head.

"Do you dare me, Doug? Do you dare me to pour it?"

Before I could say anything, Angie got up.

"Case, you really are drunk, aintcha? Put da cup down before my boss comes in."

"Angie, I can't. Doug needs this."

"Come on, Doug. Get mad. Be human. Show me you're not a complete machine."

He started to pour.

I jumped up and my chair fell backwards as I swung at him. With the table in my way, he was just out of reach.

He put the cup down, along with the money to pay for the coffee, and calmly started for the door.

"There's still some hope for you, Doug. I'll meet you outside." He flourished an imaginary hat and bowed low to Angie and went out the door.

"Hell, Angie! I can't figure him out. I've never seen him do anything like that before."

"Oh, it's all right, Doug. Why don't you go now before he does something crazy outside?"

As I stepped out into the sidewalk I could see Case sitting in the

car. It was a warm evening and the people who lived around there were starting to come out to sit on the front porches. A young Negro girl, rather pretty and with a good figure, walked by a gang of Mexicans in front of a little grocery store. One of them said something to another and they all laughed as he did a hip-swinging imitation of her.

PART III — The Shadow

I lit a cigarette and started the car, not saying anything to Case.

"Doug, I'm sorry for what I said in there. Are we still 'Los Amigos?'"

"Yeah, I suppose so. But what the hell was the matter with you?"

"Dammit, I don't know. It's sorta been building up in me, like a nervous breakdown or something. You remember when you dropped me off at home last Thursday, and my mom wasn't there? I found a note for me that she had to go to a school board meeting. So I went out to eat. When I got home, she was sitting there in front of that damn television. I don't know. Maybe it was the exams, but when I saw her sitting there wasting her mind on some stupid show, I felt so disgusted inside I wanted to break the thing in. And then she told me that Jerry was coming home in a week and that he had gotten a raise because his bosses thought he was doing such fine work. They thought he was such a 'good engineer.' Doug, I just can't stomach 'good engineers.' I mean, here's

my brother, first in his class in high school, first in college, at the top in grad school. He has a powerful mind, a great mind, and he's going to spend the rest of his life sitting over a bunch of bottles and test tubes and light-flashing instruments in some sterile room trying to find new ways to split atoms and cover steel so that it won't rust. Then my mother started complaining to me how Jerry's such a success, and how he's making more money than he knows what to do with, and why did I switch my major to philosophy, which she says has no future, and do I think I'll be a success. The hell with that kind of success! At least I know what I am, and I'm learning more everyday because I think, not about formulas, but about thinking itself and thinking-myself. This is what I meant when I asked you how many books you had. You're becoming just like these text-book engineers with their antiseptic minds. I bet you haven't had a really original thought since you wrote your last poem or short story. Anyhow, I know you have a lot of books. Books mean a lot to English majors. But dammit, Doug, you've read them. Why don't you throw them out or give them to me, or do anything you want with them. But don't save them. All they do is clutter up your mind."

"Yeah, but they're handy to have around when I want to look something up," I answered more or less half-heartedly. I knew what he meant.

"That's just what I mean. You

depend on them too much. For instance, what's Emerson's idea of Transcendentalism?"

"I don't know exactly."

"You say you don't know, but didn't you read Emerson for American Lit?"

"But that was four months ago. I've forgotten a lot of things since then. But I've learned a lot too," I added in an attempt at self-vindication.

"You mean like you learned about Emerson? Oh, I know you can always go back and re-read the essays. But why should you have to? Just think of all the time you've wasted reading what you don't even remember.

"But that's only a minor point. You're always talking about how you want to go to Europe to write. I think if you don't go and forget all about that BA and BS mill where we go to school, you'll never write another thing of any value. You've wasted two years already writing meaningless assignments for a whole bunch of nobodies who couldn't care less about your mind. Look, you've written exactly one eight-lined free verse poem in nine and a half months, and it wasn't even good enough to get printed in our crummy literary magazine. And I don't think it was because the editor wanted the spot for his own noxious drivel."

Then he was quiet. I drove on, thinking about what he had said. It was true. I knew that. I had even told myself the same things before. I had to believe him, but I didn't want to; I wanted to do

something about it, and I couldn't move. I felt impotent and frustrated. Case was right. I had reached my dead-end, and the road was closed to me. I couldn't open it again.

"So what should I do?" I asked him automatically.

I didn't listen for any answer. I knew what he would say. I was already thinking of some kind of light-hearted reply. I noticed that he was looking at me.

"Pull over, Doug."

I stopped the car along the side-street we were riding on, and then I noticed that he was taking his gym shoes off. He didn't have any socks on. He laid the shoes carefully on the seat and got out of the car.

"Good night, Doug. I sure hope you'll get over that fear of

yours, of your mind talking to you, questioning you. Maybe sometime you'll finally be forced to answer. I don't know. I'm leaving these shoes with you." He quietly closed the car door. "You need them more than I do, Pseudo."

Then he walked away.

"George 'Case' Cassidy, you're an ass," I yelled to his back.

He stopped and looked at his bare feet and then continued walking as I sat in the car and watched him go down the dark street. I felt his truth burning at my eyes — like an acid. It seemed to stream down my face scouring hot little channels in my cheeks. I felt the force of his words as they gathered into a coagulated ball in my throat and tried to break free. And I knew I would die when they did.

PROGRESS

The futility of a castle
erected in the sand;

The frettered, fine-spun silk
fording two green leaves;

The nameless, love-christened home
fleshy in dust and grime;

All: oblivious and mindless of time.

The wave
soon calls back the castle.

The Autumn
snaps leaf and web.

But man —
shells the ball
like a thought through the mind
and pounds the mortar to dust.

-- *richard boesch*

ESSAYS

I & II

by robert griffin

I

Man tries destiny, but destiny never tries to try. The bleakness and emptiness of a grave yard is destiny, the ultimate end of all striving ends. All ends end. Utter confusion ends in confusion and bleakness and death. Never a way to turn but to turn downwards towards downwards and upwards towards upwards. The destiny of man lies in a hole and it is a whole hole, that is destiny.

Beginnings end in beginnings, ends end in ends, ends end in beginnings.

Who decides destiny? Destiny decides the one who decides, and decides to choose life, and life ends in life. Without life and life there is no life.

Destiny can be an apex of a mountain or the bottom of a bottomless pit. Those who choose the apex find the light and live in and with the light of the light.

In the light they find the life and life. They desire no more destinies because they have found the destinies of destinies. There are no more destinations for those who live in and with the light. But those who choose the pit, they are con-

stantly seeking destinations. They do not seek the seeker but the seeker only seeks the one who is seeking, never ending but beginning with ends; never do they acknowledge the seeker who seeks them. If they did seek the good and just seeker their end of all ends would end in the beginning of all beginnings. It would bring them out of the darkness of life and show them the light so that their restless seeking souls would seek no more, but would be at peace with the light. Those who lie and wait for destinies for themselves never see the light that seeps through the cracks and crevices of their minds and through the crack of bleakness around them. They never grasp the light because the light is bright and they are accustomed to the deep darkness of life around them.

II

Silence. Come, follow me through the inner chambers of life. The chambers that are there breathe and think life. They do not know life but just live it. The high ugly cliffs of life, that take life and give life. The narrow channels of flowing smooth running life. The life that runs softly over all the boulders and rocks, the life that is kicked back and forth from one side of existence to the other. This is life, just flowing in silence.

Silence, the eternal word that means life. Live life with silence, or life will not be lived. The noisy life is constantly knocked by noises from outside and from inside. Reflect, see the walls, the chambers

that never stop breathing, never stop thinking, but only think thoughts that had been thought.

Walk slowly and silently or else the darkness on either side will claim life from you, not at once but peace by peace until there is nothing.

Hallow, empty, shallow. Life is lived in darkness. It progresses through many different channels, sometimes smooth sometimes rough, but never the same life is lived twice. Constantly the inner chambers of life give out soft noises of irritation. Then silence is the key.

Watch the road, never stumble

on it for one slip and the breathing walls crash. The crash is a silent crash. Very seldom does it disturb the liver. He only watches the outside noises, never the ones from inside.

The road to the inner chambers, which we are on now, will show you life. Here, here at the end of this chaos is the end of life. See the hole, this is where it ends. The noise, the emptiness, the halowness, the shallowness, this is brought out here. This is the answer. All things are shown here, they cannot be hidden by the walls of the mind because here there is no mind.

FREAK

He welded the strips
and the sheets of steel.

He laid the bars and castings
with ponderous strength.

He wired all to concrete blocks
then spliced and welded long; long
he worked

to construct
to produce

a moral colossal freak;
his depraved, chaotic life
hung four feet above practicality —
all floors and foundation numbingly extict.

His life comes splintering
crumbling down;
his massive pipe and mortar clown laying cracked
and empty,
is covered with mud and tears.

-- richard boesch

INCIDENT AT FEE

mary j. pursley award winner

Central France: 1942

The boy tripped over a rock hidden beneath the dried-up leaves, and upon getting up realized that he was bleeding from the right shin. He momentarily watched a drop of clean, red blood trickle down into his ragged, dirty shoe and shivered a little as it rolled into the arch of his foot. He gazed around, and when apparently satisfied as to the best place to sit down, he perched on one of the larger roots of a nearby tree and cleared the blood from around his wound. It was just a small wound and had just about outbled itself when he clasped his hands around it as if it needed some sort of emergency first-aid. His interest was quickly deployed by some small creature scurrying between the trees and disappearing into the unique darkness of the forest. Again he gazed at the wound, and upon determining that the bleeding had stopped, he slowly moved toward the direction of the creature's disappearance. After walking about a hundred meters, he heard the rushing sound of Fer-veau Creek and, seemingly glad at this sound, quickened his pace until he came to the berry bushes he knew so well.

Having devoured a sizeable portion, he turned, almost instinctively, and walked to the mound of dirt overlooking Devil's Bath-tub. He slipped his clothes off and, after throwing them into the water, followed them, lacking all the exuberance and alacrity that had been for so long an indelible facet of his character.

Once in the warm water of the "tub," he wiped as much sweat and dirt off his body as could be accomplished without the convenience of soap. He then scanned his surroundings. Although everything looked the same, it didn't seem to possess the same rapture that had so often in the past turned hours into minutes. When his eyes came to the Devil's Throne, he stopped and watched the water as it came streaming over the top of the crown on its way to the tub below. He immediately envisioned himself climbing up the side of the throne as he had done last summer, and with vivid detail he remembered his fall and the thud as he hit the bottom of the tub. He would have drowned, he thought, if Pep hadn't pulled him out of the water, and might even have died in spite of that if Pep hadn't carried him the three kilometers back home. Only

RVEAU FOREST

gerald michael buszta

the love of a brother could have accomplished such a feat.

He was now embraced by a perplexity not often comprehensible to a thirteen year old and tried to suppress it by swimming to the deeper part of the tub and springing off the bottom. This didn't work . . . Pep was dead . . . he was on his own and nothing could hide the insecurity of the situation.

Grasping hold of his emotions, he gathered up his clothes, climbed from the tub, and began to gather wood for a fire.

Ober Lieutenant Otto Bernhardt sat with his elbows on the table while he held his coffee cup slightly away from his lips. He was staring vacuously across the darkened atmosphere of the room, breaking his stupor only with occasional sips of the rapidly cooling coffee. The table was cluttered with ragged-edged cans giving off the pungent smell of organic decay, while numerous kitchen utensils, covered with hardened food, lay askew among the cans. In the corner, to the right of Bernhardt, was an army cot with no sheets but two dirty government issue blankets rumped into a heap on top.

Above the cot was a window with blackened panes and a pancho hung across it to assure a minimal amount of light penetration. A window on the other side of the room was draped in a similar fashion. Under the window opposite the cot was a battered, wooden desk. On one side of the desk was a map, neatly folded, and set under a rapidly deteriorating lamp. In the middle of the desk were a few neatly piled papers, while a telephone and a few pens occupied the other end. The desk stood contrastingly inept compared to the rest of the highly disorganized room.

Suddenly the phone rang. Bernhardt slowly laid the cup down, put his hands on the table to assist in his assent, and slowly walked over to the phone.

"Heil Hitler; Ober Lieutenant Bernhardt here."

"Otto — Tinnelmann here."

"Yes Captain."

"Why weren't you up on the tower? What is the matter with you?" A pause followed with no reply from Bernhardt. "What are you doing, Otto?"

This barrage of questions didn't phase Otto. "Just eating, Captain. Humidity's down. . . ."

"Never mind the humidity! If that forest goes up, you'll hang — humidity or not."

"Is that what you called for?"

"Listen Otto — The major was pretty angry this afternoon. It was four hours between the time that training plane crashed and the time we received word; he wants to know what's going on at your station."

"Well if he wants my . . ."

"By the way, Otto, there were five dead in that farm house — the pilot makes six. Looks like he hit the whole family."

"I suppose that's my fault."

"Don't be asinine, Otto. From now on why don't you be a little more serious at your post? Your next mistake might mean a court-martial for both of us. Heil Hitler."

He put the phone down and grabbed the helmet and binoculars hanging alongside the desk. He then walked over to the table, lifted the cup to his lips, and finished the remainder of the now cold coffee. He set the cup back down on the table and walked over to the door, squinting as he opened it. He hesitated long enough for his eyes to become accustomed to the light and then stepped out into the late afternoon air.

About fifty meters in front of him was an old fire tower. He walked over to it and began to climb it, looking almost like a convict climbing his gallows. Once at the top, he peered out at Castillion, a distance of 14 kilometers. What

a disgusting place to be stationed, he thought. "Well, I might have gotten off with much worse," this time talking aloud in a definite attempt to stay away from this line of thought.

He lifted the binoculars up to his eyes and scanned the road which wound through the forest on its way to Castillion. Not too far up the road he saw Father Degomier on that old mare of his. "Fool!" he said out loud with an air of contempt. "Actually believes that religion is the answer to the world — Fool!"

He took his eyes off the road and began to scan the forest. SMOKE! Ferveau Creek . . . looks like a campfire.

Father Degomier, atop the old mare he fondly called one of the "ancienne noblesse," was riding faster than he would normally dare to push. He was on his way to the cemetery to give Catholic rites to a family killed earlier that day. There was really no need for the hurry; they would wait for him — they always had, but nevertheless on he pushed, visibly emotional. He looked up into the quickly clouding sky as if he wanted to ask Him why — but dared not question His judgment and quickly lowered his head to the normal position.

He soon came to the bend in the road at which stood the two white stone pillars marking the beginning of the cemetery road. He pointed his mare up the road and had only gone about fifty meters when he could see the two old

diggers, sots as they were, slurping cheap wine all over themselves.

"I see it didn't take you long to make use of your booty," said Father Degomier, realizing that the men had bought the wine with the possessions that they were able to salvage from the dead family's house.

"Come on Father, have a heart," said one of the old men between swigs. "Nobody is going to pay for our digging and we've got to eat somehow."

"Eat?" returned Father Degomier sarcastically. "Where are the bodies?"

"In the wagons," said the same old man, the other contentedly drinking his wages.

"Well, go get them."

Father Degomier dismounted the mare and walked the few paces to the shallow hole that was to contain all six of the bodies. Some memorial for such a family, he thought.

"Do you want us to put them right in the grave or do you want to throw water on them first?"

Father Degomier looked up preponderately and motioned for them to put the bodies in the grave. The old men were hardly up to the job, and after the first box came crashing to the ground, Father pitched in and did more than a man's share of lifting. After the wagons were empty and all the boxes were in the large grave, Father Degomier puzzlingly looked at the grave and then up at the old men, "Where's the other body?" There was no reply; only confused

looks. "There were six in that family. What happened to the other one?"

"There were only five dead ones when we got there."

"Did you check all around?"

"They did, Father, before we even got there."

"Tinnelmann's men?"

"They left right after we got there — never mentioned another one."

After extracting a hazy description of the corpses from the men, Father Degomier was convinced that the missing one was the second-born of the four boys. He proceeded to give the family a Catholic burial and said a few extra prayers for the happy repose of their souls. On the way back to Castillion he wondered if the boy could still be alive or if his body might have been overlooked. Upon reaching the rectory, he gathered up enough provisions for a couple of days and set out back down the road.

II

A large cold hand placed on his shoulder and neck shook him out of his restful sleep. It was already dark and the fire was now just a glow, but there was sufficient light for him to see a tall, lanky man standing over him.

"What are you doing out here?" said the stranger, speaking French with a thick German accent. The boy recognized the shadow-like figure as being in a German army uniform. He tried to

make a dash for the edge of the forest but had not gotten very far when he was firmly snatched up by the strong arms of the pursuing German. He immediately bit the German on the arm in an attempt to break his grip but was quickly swirled around and sent crashing to the ground by a bruising slap. There was no escape — he was caught.

Caught — just like a lowly animal. Pep wouldn't have let that German catch him. He continued this line of thinking. Pep would have died before he would have let a stinking Nazi catch him. He suddenly remembered that Pep was dead but was interrupted long enough to be lifted onto the German's horse and then continued his original line of thought. Why, there was the time that Pep was trapped in Old Man Tinet's barn. He was caught trying to steal a pail of milk and that old buzzard would have hacked him in half if he could have laid his hands on him. Pep was too smart for that. He let the calves loose and in the commotion escaped with the pail of milk. If Pep were here now. . . . tears rolled down his face. Pep was not there and he might as well be dead too. I would be, he thought, if it hadn't been my turn to get up and milk the cow.

The boy was now gradually being overcome by exhaustion and it was not long before the stabilizing force of the German had become a major factor in keeping him on the horse. The rumbling of thunder soon became audible and

the German, realizing the immanence of a storm, quickened the pace. It was just beginning to storm when they got to the tower and the German had to carry the boy inside.

A thunderclap seemed almost to shake the building and he rolled restlessly on his side. The poignant pelting of the rain against the tin roof and the booming thunder prevented his return to the womb of sleep and he slowly opened his eyes. Immediately in front of him was a chair with his clothes draped over it and he suddenly recalled the events of the last two days rolled up into one terrifying thought.

"That's right Captain — a boy about thirteen. When do you want to pick him up?" The boy had evidently awakened during this conversation and glanced around the room in an attempt to determine the source. The German was up at the far end of the shack holding a telephone while standing in front of a desk. "Not until then? I haven't got enough food for myself and I'll be damned to share it with a little French brat." A short pause followed, "Yes Captain. Heil Hitler." The German put the phone down and swirled around as if to look in the boy's direction. The boy quickly snapped his eyes shut so as to pretend ignorance of the conversation. Why, that dirty Nazi didn't waste any time in making sure I'd get shipped off to who-knows-where. I've got to escape, he thought. If he thinks

I'm going to be herded off to one of those Nazi places he's going to be in for a surprise.

Footsteps became audible and his feeling that they were coming in his direction was substantiated by a vibrant kick at the bottom of the cot. "Get up and put your clothes on," came the booming voice of the German. "I'm not going to let you sleep all day."

While the boy was putting on his clothes, the German was hacking open two cans and pouring their contents into two dirty bowls. He sat down and began to eat from one of the bowls, not mentioning a word about the other. The boy was hungry and ignored this hostility by seizing up the other bowl, and after wiping a fork on the side of the table, he began to devour it ravenously.

"You have anything to do with that dead family?" The boy seemed almost not to hear this question, and after it became obvious there would be no reply, the German snatched an empty can from the table and sent it halfway across the room to bounce off the floor. He began to shout.

"Little Bastard. You French are all insane. I haven't met one normal one yet. Half have been the type to spit in my face or stab me in the back, while the other half would have licked my boots clean. Why the hell aren't you people normal?" He sprang to his feet, thumped over to the desk, and began writing as if to take out his anxiety with the pen and paper.

The storm seemed rather fierce at this point but the boy was convinced he had to escape at the most convenient opportunity — that Nazi was out of his senses — and how was he to know when someone would be here to cart him off; even the storm offered better refuge than being near that German.

He looked for a possible mode of escape. He would have to catch the German off guard but once he got to the forest, no one would be able to find him. He stood up in order to be a little more efficient in examining the premises when he was startled by the German, "Bring a few sticks of wood from the kindling storage and put them by the stove." He looked around and saw the kindling storage directly behind the cot. He walked back and picked up a few pieces of wood in an effort to satisfy the German. When he straightened up, he was overlooking a ventilating hole — probably big enough for him to fit through. He looked through the hole and could see the thick of the forest — possibly not more than a hundred meters away. He brought the wood up to the stove, laid it down and returned to the kindling storage. A quick glance assured him that the German was engrossed in his work. He looked back at the hole. The rain hitting the tin roof and the sporadic bursts of thunder would certainly provide enough sound diversion; he could be through the hole in a couple of seconds and. . . He gently put his foot on one of

the logs and carefully grabbed hold of the edge of the hole. He stuck his head through the hole and it immediately became soaked — but that didn't bother him — he was going to make it. He slowly pulled himself out and was halfway through the hole when his pants began to tug on the splintery edge of the hole. He held himself motionless for a short second and then reached back in an effort to free himself. His own weight was making that a chore and after a while he decided to rest. Even before he could reach back in a second attempt, he found himself sprawled on the floor of the cabin — apprehended by the German.

The next thing the boy knew he was being bounced off a wall of the shack — the victim of a cruel slap to the face. But that was not the full extent of his sentence — for the German was coming at him as if for the kill. The boy scurried away as fast as he could but he only succeeded in delaying his punishment and further infuriating the German, who now looked determined. The boy picked up the nearest thing he could grab, one of the ragged-edged cans, then threw it as hard as he could at the German. It gashed his face and caused him to momentarily falter. He quickly regained control of himself and tossed the boy as hard as he could. The boy hit the table with great impact and knocked it over. Before he could contemplate his next move, the German picked him up and was ready to deal a punishing blow when his face

seemed to writhe with pain and his eyes assumed a cold intensity. The boy gradually became sensitive to one of the utensils in his own hand — the blade deep in the German's stomach. But the German did not want to die and his grip tightened — the boy pulled the knife out — in again; out again — back in; the German's grip — even tighter.

Suddenly with all the wrath from the abyss, the storm became violent and the shack shook as if to collapse. The boy, succumbing to inner emotion, ran from the cabin and into the hell of the storm. A tree fell nearby and the rain soaked him to the bone; the thunder relentlessly pounded away. He was down the side of the hill, and although he thought it impossible, the storm seemed to intensify. Mid-day as black as night — faster; faster; don't dare stop. Through the forest; he fell — got up; faster. Thunder; the rain; the darkness; the lightning; faster; the blood; faster.

All of a sudden the storm relented and there was a gradual clearing until the sun was brightly lighting the forest. This seemed to disturb him most and he quickened his pace until his heart was painning his chest. On and on until Ferveau Creek was just ahead and Devil's Bathtub was not far away; even faster until he was by the berry bushes and overlooking the tub.

"Where have you been? We've been worried about you." The boy quickly turned around at the sound of this familiar voice — PEP.

Father Degomier was again traveling faster than he would normally dare to push. But this time there seemed to be good reason. His search had not turned up the body of the missing boy, but he was convinced that the boy was still alive. He was not sure of exactly what he would do, but figured to call on Bernhardt at the fire tower. Bernhardt had a good vantage point, and even if he didn't know anything about the boy, he could keep a lookout for him.

He was almost there and was obviously overanxious because he was trying to make the mare trample through the mud at a pace she was not capable of maintaining. When he got to the tower he could not see Bernhardt at his post, so he rapped on the door of the shack. There were no sounds from within the cabin and the impatient priest rapped much harder — again no answer.

He shifted around to the side of the cabin and tried to peer into one of the windows. He was not to find any luck, however, for the windows were effectively painted and his view was completely ob-

structed. He didn't seem surprised by this and went around to the door again. He was determined and dared to turn the knob. The door was not locked and he swung it wide open. He was immediately repulsed by a stench, but put his hand up to his mouth and entered anyway. He wanted more light than the room offered and, on his way over to the window, he nearly tripped over a chair. He ripped the pancho away, opened the window as far as he could, and turned around.

"Oh my Lord," was his verbal reaction as he stood overlooking the chaos of the room. After moving a few steps toward the center of the room, he became horrified at the signs of human dissolution. He pulled the table away and bent down, placing his knee next to the dead Bernhardt.

The death before him, like no others in the past, caused him great perplexity. Bernhardt appeared to be the epitome of violence in death — a distorted and appalling sight; the strangled body of the boy, although badly beaten, oddly expressed a serene and almost peaceful reflection of death.

OUR MICROBIAL FRIENDS

hanley science award winner

Certain peculiar aspects of human nature often cause man to emphasize the bad rather than the good. This phenomenon does not exclude the biological world. In particular, it has branded the bacteria as harmful to man. Such an attitude toward the bacteria on the whole is unjustified. This discussion will attempt to show why this is so.

There are many places where one could begin a discussion of the value of bacteria, but it seems a quotation from the Book of Genesis — "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return," is a most appropriate starting point. This Biblical quotation suggests a cycle, alternating from dust to man and man to dust, or a rotation, alternating from dust to food to man to dust. Such a cycle is apparent in the world today. It is known that corn grows well in the presence of decaying matter. Corn is eaten by man and man becomes dust when he dies. Thus, the cycle is ready to begin again.

This process of decomposition is complex and while it does not

depend on the bacteria solely, they play the most important role. They are the cause of the decay in that they breakdown organic matter to simple chemicals. *The end products of this process are ammonia, carbon dioxide, and water.* The importance of decomposition lies in the fact that it makes room for the next generation. This is important, as the space on earth is limited. What would happen if decomposition did not take place? Scientists believe that if the dead branches and leaves in a forest failed to decay, the accumulation would be higher than the tree tops in 500 years.

The importance of bacteria is exemplified in two other cycles found in nature. The carbon dioxide (CO_2) and nitrogen (N) cycles furnish plants with substances necessary for growth. "Plants are the most important organisms on earth as they can build their structure from CO_2 , minerals, and nitrates." Man and other animals are not able to accomplish this. Rather, they depend on plants and animals which have digested plants. There-

fore, the necessities of plants must be met to sustain life.

In the carbon dioxide cycle, the bacteria replenish the supply of CO_2 in the air through respiration and their role in decomposition. The importance of this cycle is emphasized by the fact that the air contains less than 1% carbon dioxide.

Nitrogen is the most important part of all living cells since it is a necessary component of protein. While the atmosphere contains four-fifths nitrogen, it is in a form which cannot be utilized by plants. To be utilized, it must be converted to ammonia and nitrate. Ammonia (NH_3) is given off as one of the end products of decomposition. However, all plants cannot use ammonia. Ammonia is converted to nitrate by two groups of bacteria — *Nitrosomonas* and *Nitrobacter*. The *Nitrosomonas* group oxidizes NH_3 to nitrite (NO_2) and the oxidation to nitrate (NO_3) is completed by the *Nitrobacter* group. This process is also an excellent example of the division of labor in biology.

The role of bacteria in the "dust to dust" cycle is once again emphasized in the disposal of sewage. Sewage is a danger to public health and a nuisance in that it often produces offensive odors. "It is a historical fact that Parliament in London had to be dismissed one

summer because of the intolerable stench of the Thames river."

The role of bacteria in sewage disposal involves the some processes of decomposition as found in the breakdown of organic matter. Thus, our various modern techniques of sewage disposal are only ways to accelerate the transformations caused by bacteria.

Bacteria are incapable of distinguishing between the organic matter man wants as food and the organic matter which he considers waste. Because of this, man and bacteria are in a state of conflict. However, man has compromised with the bacteria and in many cases to his advantage. Man lets the bacteria decompose food to a certain extent. Such a compromise is at work in the wine, beer, pickle, and cheese industries to name a few.

Of these industries, the cheese industry would be helpless without bacteria. The bacteria are used in this industry to produce various flavors. Cheddar cheese is made from milk to which acid bacteria have been added. Camembert cheese is made by inoculating milk with the spores of the mold, *Penicillium camembert*, which destroys the lactic acid on the surface of the cheese. The milk is also inoculated at the same time with *Oidium lactis* which attacks the casein and produces the typical flavor of this cheese.

by craig bolanos

While the topic of food is being discussed, it seems an appropriate time to bring up the question, what about bacteria as a source of food for man and other animals? One need not shudder at such an idea, for we have been eating bacteria in our meals regularly. Microbes (bacteria and their relatives) could be substituted for meat as they contain many of the proteins found in meat and often, large quantities of soluble vitamins.

This idea is feasible. Things which would then have to be taken into account are taste and cost. Much work has been done with yeasts (relatives of bacteria) along this line. In regard to taste, a variety of yeast has been found which produces the natural flavor of meat. Scientists feel the problem of taste is not sufficient to disregard the idea of microbes as a source.

The yeasts have two economical advantages. First, they grow rapidly. They can double their weight in two hours, while it takes a chicken a month to do this. Second, they require simple food. Yeasts do not require protein in their diet to produce protein. Therefore, wastes, *by-products*, and carbohydrates could be used to feed them. Furthermore, while it takes a 1,000 pound steer twenty-four hours to produce one pound of protein, a 1,000 pounds of yeast can produce 100,000 pounds of protein in the same time.

Today in Rhinelander, Wisconsin, there is a yeast plant which produces 12,000 pounds of food a day. Of this, 20% is used by hu-

mans and the remainder is used as livestock feed. If nothing else, the use of microbes as livestock feed is economical and practical.

While the food industry has compromised with the bacteria, the textile and chemical industries have truly harnessed the bacteria. The textile industry utilizes bacteria in a process called "retting." Retting involves the separation of fibers in flax, hemp, and jute plants. The fibers of these plants are held together by a glue which consists of pectin. A number of anaerobic types of bacteria (*Clostridium pectinovorum*, *Clostridium felsieum*) are able to destroy pectin. Thus, the bacteria make the separation much easier, and are able to carry this process out on a large scale.

The chemical industry employs bacteria and their relatives in numerous processes. Bacteria are used in the production of various types of alcohols and acids. Lactic acid is produced on a large scale by letting the *Lactobacilli* ferment sugar. This process takes place in nature where it is not quite as complex. The chemical industry has made this fermentation complex and many others as they are interested in profits.

So far, nothing has been said about the pathogenic bacteria. They really only make up a small portion of the bacteria. In a survey run in 1942, the results showed there were 10,031,000 quintillion good ones to 308 quintillion bad ones. In other words, out of every 30,000 bacteria, only *one* was a disease bacterium. In the same

year, 7569 persons were convicted of murder in the United States, or *one* out of every 17,000. It seems that the bacteria are even less harmful to humanity than man himself.

The previous pages have dealt with the value of bacteria. Let us continue the discussion, but in a different manner. Suppose that at the instant you began reading this sentence, all the bacteria and their relatives died, leaving a world completely free of microbes. Immediately, you would heartily endorse such an action. There would be no more disease or spoilage. The sick would get well. You could close down the tuberculosis hospitals. There would be no need for canning, freezing, and pickling. You could run home and discard your refrigerator. It sounds great. What a life we would have.

There are some drawbacks. There would be no more beer or wine. We could use industrial alcohol, but it may not taste as good. Sewage disposal would no longer present health problems or produce offensive odors. However, the sewage would remain and in time our rivers, lakes, and even oceans would

be filled with sewage. One might overcome the feeling of repulsiveness for fecal matter, but it is doubtful whether one would enjoy swimming or boating.

We could get our drinking water by catching rain and from deep wells. Soon these wells would become as precious as oil wells. Our supply of water would be limited to say the least.

The bacteria in our stomach would be gone and the vitamins which they produce. We could attempt to synthesize vitamins, but if we failed, all life on earth would disappear. The nitrogen cycle would cease. As a result, there would be no plants. Without plants, there would be no food for animals or man. We could attempt to synthesize some sort of food.

What has been said in this discussion is by no means the complete story of the roles played by the bacteria and other microbes. Rather, it is a survey of a few of the more important roles. Although we may conclude that life is possible without the bacteria and other microbes, life would be strange. And such a life would seem hardly worth living.

APOCALYPSE

In the beginning, Mother Earth ruled all.
Life was fresh and lush and clean;
Spawned of a most fertile seed;
Nurtured by an eternal summer's kiss.
Deep velvet green plants grew wide and thick,
And multirobed dragons ruled their domain —
Peace over all before man came.

The clear, cold stream ran down to the sea,
An artery of life, it seemed to me.

The dragons perished and man ruled all —
Fierce, brutish man; son of the ape.
Stone age, bronze age, Golden Age came,
Mars was their god,
Midas their idol,
Self, will, desire their conscience.
Shout! O man, shout of your glory —
“Stop! Look! And sing songs of Revolutions . . .
Then farewell, my beloved, 'til it's Freedom Day.”
Babylon died when first conceived, and
So Rome, Paris, Berlin, New York.
Extinction followed decay, all in one day;
In a rain of fire — Freedom Day.

The filth strewn stream runs down to the sea,
It poisons the earth, it seems to me.



Sinner man perished and Phoenix Man will rule all.
The seven seals broken; the seven cups spilled;
The Beast and the False Prophet overcome.
Life again shall appear in the world —
Fresh and lush and clean.
Deep velvet green plants will grow wide and thick
And teeming dragons will prowl the earth.
And man is there, Phoenix Man,
Descendants of the Knowing Ones;
Living in cities of plastic and glass,
His mind set upon wonderous things —
Of things undone (not to others harm), searching
Among the awesome mysteries of the universe.
He will encase himself in metal skins
And seek knowledge among a billion billion stars
Becoming one with the earth,
One with the universe,
One with himself —
The Atman, Himself.

A jewel decked stream will run to the sea,
A vision of hope, it seems to me.

-- raymond braun



THERE SHOULD BE NOTHING WRONG

There should be nothing wrong. A cool breeze blows on a starry night, and it's easy to take a breath, and there should be nothing wrong. There's a billion miles to be seen on this evening, looking up into a strange, moonless sky where there is only the pure twinkle of a billion lights, each too small to look at. Look up, and the wind that blows cools the eye and the day-strained face of worry. Look lower, and that which is seen, a field, a road, reflects the peace of this night when there should be nothing wrong.

And in this place, on this night, it should not be a surprise to find someone alone and in a car, beneath that deep black and amidst that soothing breeze. It should be obvious that this is the night when he who has a problem would go out and pray to the night, would go out and feel her darkness and hear her coolness tell him that there should be nothing wrong. Strained eyes and tear-filled eyes, sad eyes are these eyes, and they have come to seek the night's help, and they are so deeply hurt that when the gun is raised and the trigger pulled, and clearness clouded and the quietness shattered, then only can the wrongs be righted. After a haze of starlit smoke fades and rises and fades away, after the sound of a strange remedy has echoed away, then only can the moments return when nothing is wrong, when the late-comer sleeps as he would have it, and when the cool breeze blows through that huge confessional called the night. And two knowing eyes look down upon the dead man and ask his soul, "Where were you last night?"

-- philip deaver

IN HASTY PURSUIT

A cave of no return.

Darkness, total darkness.

A figure is resting on a ledge.

His heart is beating fast.

His thinking is hurried, blurred.

Restlessness, uneasiness overcome him.

Perspiration, beads of perspiration begin falling.

His heart is beating faster.

The walls are closing in.

He takes a few searching steps;

Stumbles over a pile of rocks.

His heart is pounding faster, faster.

Perspiration is seeping steadily.

His thinking drowns into dullness.

His mind is swimming, swirling.

His heart pounds, pounds.

Walls are coming closer.

He rises, falls, is struggling, terror stricken;

He is spinning, turning, revolving, twisting in a tornado of . . .

Pounding, pounding —

a smile,

a laugh,

a scream.

-- edward williams